THE

INSPECTOR,

AND

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

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COUNT LIPPE.

Biographische Denkmale von K. A. Varnhagen von Ense. Berlin: Reimer. 1824—1827. 4 vols.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing the biographical sketches before us to be one of the most excellent performances of the kind that we have met with in any language. They are evidently the work of a man who had an higher object than mere literary ambition; who was actuated by the patriotic wish to recal to the memory of his nation the names of some of its worthies, who had been suffered to remain without a monument becoming to their merits, or to sink into neglect; of a man, too, who was entitled, by congeniality of feeling, and by the dignity of his eloquence,

"To hold high converse with the mighty dead*."

The Germans had been deficient, till very lately, in historical literature, and more especially in great and popular works on their own history. This want seems to be more generally felt at present than it ever had been before; a display of learning, and a minute enquiry into particular subjects, will no longer satisfy the taste of the public; luminous sketches are preferred to laborious details; the grace of eloquence is no longer to be superseded by the merit of investigation. The writers themselves begin to perceive, that the reader appreciates a work by the pleasure which he takes in perusing, not by the pains which the author took in composing it.

This is as it ought to be; and there is no fear that the laudable intention to instruct, might so soon be given up for the pardonable desire to please the public. John Muller led the way in the modern German school of history; John Muller has found his followers, his critics, his rivals; and among the latter, with some other names, which we hold in high esteem, we would class the author of the "Biographische Denkmale."

We intend in this and in a succeeding article to lay before our

* If we are not much mistaken, we have also noticed the name of Varnhagen von Ense among the officers of the Prussian army who distinguished themselves during the late war.

readers the outlines of the three sketches of which the first volume consists. They appear to us singularly well combined by the author, to illustrate a fact, which is peculiar to almost all periods of German history; that men of superior energies, who seemed to be destined to move in the very highest sphere, and to be extensively active, have never been able to meet with a sphere adequate to their powers, owing to the dismembered state of their country; that, finding the broad career of distinction blocked up, they pursued that path which was still open, and, resigning hopes of the association of their names with national greatness, they devoted to the services of other countries those talents which were lost to their own.

Of the three distinguished characters whose lives are contained in the first volume, the first, Count Lippe, was Commander in Chief in Portugal, and delivered that country (in 1762) from the invasion of the French and Spanish; the second, Count Schulemburg, was the General of Venice, and struck the last blow at the power of the Turks in the Mediterranean; the third, Theodor von Neuhoff, was the interesting but ill-fated adventurer, who, after the most extraordinary vicissitudes, died in this metropolis in the utmost distress, and registered his kingdom of Corsica for the use of his creditors.

The hero of the first narrative is Wilhelm Count zur Lippe, was born in London, on the ninth of January, 1724. The first impressions which he received, the first language which he spoke, the atmosphere which he breathed, were English. How far this may have influenced the character which that extraordinary man developed in after life, we will not venture to decide; but it appears not improbable, that his passion for travelling, and the facility with which he habituated himself to the peculiarities of different nations, arose, at least partly, from the circumstances, that his earliest recollections were not associated with the country in which he was entitled by his birth to govern as an independent prince. His father was heir to the ancient family of the Earls Lippe-Buckeburg, whose possessions are situated in Westphalia. His mother, a lady distinguished by beauty and talents, and known before her marriage by the name of the Countess Oyerhaussen, was a daughter of George the First and the Duchess of Kendal. They lived at that time in England, on account of some misunderstandings with the then reigning Earl; on whose death (in 1728) Wilhelm's father returned to Buckeburg, to take possession of his own dominion, while the Countess and her children remained in London for some time after. Wilhelm was considered a remarkably handsome boy, and was much admired for the fairness of his complexion, at which, however, he was greatly annoyed, so much, that one day he was found staining his face with walnut color, in a manner calculated to make his mother's visitors forego their laudatory remarks on the boy's complexion. His talents soon began to manifest themselves, more especially a predominant taste and uncommon abilities for all sorts of athletic exercises. He was distinguished as a gymnast; and his biographers have thought it fit to record, that in the full strength of his youth, he has been known to jump---let Professor Voelker hear!---full 19 feet wide, and 5½ feet

high. In repeating this memorable fact from our authorities, we particularly regret being unable to ascertain the exact reduction of the imperial measure of Lippe-Buckeburg to our own. Besides riding, dancing, fencing, and gymnastics, he delighted in mathematics; and he showed a very fair talent for languages. He expressed himself with elegance and precision in English and French, with fluency in Italian and Portugueze, which he acquired afterwards; but, in common with the great of his nation, and his time, he never bestowed sufficient attention on the German, which was then just emerging from its barbarous state, to be able to speak or write it correctly. "A "little Latin, and less Greek," he learnt, because he could not help it; nor was he singular in beginning to forget it as soon as it was found practicable.

As second son, he had scarcely any chance of honorable distinction, except by a military career. With a view to this, his education was almost exclusively military. In his eleventh year he was sent to Geneva, which was then famous for its military schools; he went through a regular course of study, under the direction of some celebrated teachers, and applied himself with much zeal and success to the theory of fortification. He finished his education at Leyden and Montpellier, and in his eighteenth year came over to England, where he obtained a commission of ensign in the Guards. But the death of his elder brother, suddenly opened a different prospect to the aspiring youth. He returned to the Continent, accompanied his father in the war in the Netherlands, but declined the offer of continuing his services after the peace. Resolving to try, for once, the pleasures of an easy life, he visited the different parts of Germany, Switzerland, England, and Italy, without a peculiar object, unless the desire of adventures be taken as such; for by that desire he was animated to a high degree, and some of the feats which he performed, certainly savoured strongly of knight-errantry. With energies far superior to the common cast of men, with all "appliances and means to boot," he was suffering under the heaviest curse, which sometimes visits a lively imagination, and uncommon abilities, namely, the want of an object worthy to rouse the one, and engage the other. Thus, he would indulge in strange fancies and follies, with all the enthusiasm and the heedless ardor of one who is striving for glory, or struggling for his existence; and he would pursue the phantom, until

> "—— the toy so fiercely sought,
> Had lost its charm by being caught."

Sometimes his love of adventure led him into considerable personal danger. In Italy, he exposed himself to an attack of straggling banditti. At Regentburgh, being informed that there was a passage where the current of the Danube was so violent that no man had ever swam to the other side, he immediately plunged into the water, and could only be saved from destruction by the exertions of his friends, who followed him in a boat. In other instances, his love of singularity derived satisfaction from enterprises more harmless, though not less strange. Thus he actually laid a bet, and gained it, that he would ride from London to Edinburgh, sitting backwards on his horse; and

in company of a German prince, who sympathized with his love of frolic, he went a pedestrian excursion through many parts of England, in which the two friends, in the attitude of beggars reduced to a state of utmost distress, sought their way from place to place. But what his friends found most surprising was his conduct in an affair of a more romantic cast. While at Vienna, he fell passionately in love with a girl, whom he had only seen on the stage as a singer in the opera. His friends told him that there was no chance of success; for that her beauty had attracted the attention of a distinguished diplomatic character. The difficulty was only an additional excitement to him; and still more; his ambition was roused, his passion subdued. He introduced himself to the lady; she had expected to meet a passionate lover, and found a friend, moderate in his manner, and prodigal of good advice. The novelty of the situation, his impressive eloquence, and the air of mystery which surrounded him, made her listen to him with attention, and not without emotion. He entreated her to leave a place which, though holding out a prospect apparently brilliant, was to her full of allurements, and destructive of her peace; to believe that she deserved a lot of less ambiguous splendour, and more real happiness; to place herself under his protection, and at all times to consider him as her best, her warmest friend. He prevailed upon her to leave Vienna, and to accompany him in his own travelling carriage to England. Consistent to his resolution he continued "to act a "brother's part," and he never lost sight of his charge till he saw her married, according to her inclinations, to a man of character and fortune.

The death of his father (in 1748) summoned him to a scene, though by no means commensurate to the wider range which his energies were destined to take, yet a scene which at length presented an object to his mind, leading to more useful pursuits, and connected with the realities of life. The administration, during the latter part of his father's reign, had been injudicious in the extreme: the revenue had been spent, and debts had been accumulated, for idle amusements at the court; and in the construction of public works, utility had been frequently postponed, to vain ornament. Count Wilhelm at once took the most decisive endeavours to effect a speedy reform; parsimony succeeded to luxury, and on all occasions the most unquestionable evidence was given of his good intentions. With the moment of his access to the government, his plan was formed; the management of the general concerns of his little state was to be conducted on a moderate scale, and with a constant view to the public good; but in one direction, he was resolved that his administration should excel, and leave states of far superior means behind it in perfection. This branch was the military department; he intended to conduct it himself, in all its details; and with this view he set out on a new course of travels, in order to study and examine the state of its military affairs in different countries, where they were considered to be in the most flourishing condition. Of these, Prussia of course was the first; and old Frederick, who had been a friend of his father, was well pleased with the zeal and the

active disposition of the young prince, whose habits in the meantime acquired more steadiness, which, however, was still from time to time broken in upon by occasional freaks, in the manner of his earlier years. Thus, one day while the Guards were on the parade, and the king was expected every moment, the young Earl, to the great terror of all present, cleared with his horse a very broad ditch, which had been expressly constructed at Charlottenburg, on purpose to prevent the Horse-Guards stationed there, from deserting. But at the same time he secured the esteem of the learned by his application and his ingenuity, and the Berlin Academy received him one of their members. After he had left Berlin, he visited other capitals, always dividing his time between the pleasures of society, and the pursuit of his favorite studies.

He returned from his travels with the benefit of a variety of valuable information, and forthwith betook himself to the execution of his plans. He restored an ancient law, which had fallen into neglect, and by which every citizen was bound to bear arms. He established the proportion of standing soldiers to the whole population to be 6---8 to 100, in which latter number, individuals of every sex and age were included; a proposition scarcely resorted to in case of war, and utterly unheard of in times of peace. The most rigorous discipline was enforced; and the precision with which the exercises were gone through, sufficiently evinced his determination to render his troops equal to those of any other country. The soldiers were well treated, and well paid; the hope of preferment was held out to merit alone, and this soon engendered a spirit of emulation, scarcely ever known among the troops of so small a state. The perfect reliance which they had been accustomed to place in the honor and the justice of their leader, formed a striking contrast to the state of the soldiery in other parts of Germany, in which the system of arbitrariness went so far, that some of the minor princes, and among them the Duke Charles of Wirtemberg*, regularly sold several regiments, and saw them shipped off for the Cape of Good Hope. Still the accusation has frequently been brought forward against the Earl of Buckeburg, that his military plans were at best useless, if not injurious, to the interests, and by no means proportionate to the means

* Charles of Wirtemberg is one of those German princes of the last century, who deserve some notice. He was a man of much taste, and of some knowledge of science and literature. He had the idea to make a modern Athens of Stutgard, and to be himself the soul of it. He succeeded in founding an Academy of Arts and Sciences; which, during the short time of its duration, acquired great celebrity, and was visited by a great number of foreigners. Among the latter, Cuvier of Paris was educated there. The Duke had a strange fancy of taking part in the examinations in the different public schools. He patronized the arts very liberally, and had some pretension to *virtú*. He erected a number of very elegant villas, and extensive pleasure-grounds, with hermitages and Arcadian groves. The sums of money which he expended for similar purposes, far surmounted the revenues, and led him to resort to measures like the one alluded to in the text which furnished Schiller with the best scene in his "Cabale and Liebe," and Schubart with the theme of one of the most popular songs of that deservedly popular poet,---a song well known to the friends of German Music by the favorite air set for it,--- "Auf auf ihr Brüder und seid stark."

of his territory; and the idea has been ridiculed, that so insignificant a tract of land---it embraces at present fifty square miles, inhabited by 24,000 men---should have been made the scene of military operations, such as might have suited the means and the numbers of a considerable state, and one long used to a military government. But even granted that there was much in Count Wilhelm's plans that originated only in a desire to gratify his own individual taste, or his ambition, still we think that justice should be done to his patriotic idea, to show that the minor states, as well as those of greater extent, should at all times be ready to contribute to the defence of their common country, and that they had it in their power to do infinitely more than was commonly supposed, if they would but be mindful

"To build up men against the future times."

The author whom we are following has taken the same view, and, says he, "it would have been well for Germany had there been many "among the minor princes to think like him, and emulate his "example."

The commencement of the Seven Years' War soon gave him an opportunity of showing, that his preparations had not been useless. His military skill had not escaped the observation of the English minister, who besides very rightly concluded, that the Count's territory would be of importance on account of the neighbourhood of Hanover. Accordingly a regular treaty was concluded with him on the 28th of August, 1756, by which he promised to join the Hanoverian army with his troops against the invasion of the French, in return for which he was to be supplied with money for their equipment, and invested with an honorable commission, and the mellifluous title of Hanoverian *Generalfeldzeugmeister*. The riflemen of Lippe did a great deal of injury to the enemy; but still more some detachments of the horse, who lived a long time afterwards in the memory of the French as "*les hommes de fer*." The campaign, however, as is well known, was far from successful; the Duke of Cumberland concluded the ignominious convention of Severn, by which the forces of the allies were paralyzed; and in the mean time the French dealt heavily with the quiet burghers of Lippe-Buckeburg, in retribution for the mischief done by their affectionate relatives the *hommes de fer*. Count Wilhelm quietly waited for the re-opening of the campaign, which took place under the auspices of Ferdinand Duke of Brunswick, in the spring of 1758. Count Wilhelm distinguished himself very highly in several battles, and gained the confidence both of the army and of the inhabitants of the scene of war, by the sense of justice and humanity which he constantly manifested. He was promoted to the command of the whole of the artillery; in the battle of Minden (August 1,) his services were so decisive, that the King of England and the Duke of Brunswick honored him with letters expressive of their acknowledgements of his merits. He afterwards conducted the seige of Munster, during which he was constantly exposed to imminent personal danger. Once one of his Buckeburg men walked up to him in great emotion, told him this was not a place for him, and rudely pushed him aside and

occupied his place. He had done so only for a few moments, when a cannon ball took off his head. Count Wilhelm was deeply moved. A few days afterwards he ordered a general fast; Munster was in flames, and he was seen shedding tears at the fate of the unhappy city, which at length opened its gates, throwing itself on the mercy of the enemy without, to escape the fury of the destructive element within. The following year he was commissioned to blockade Cassel, and he was fully intent on the works, when he found himself, through the inadvertency of the Commander in Chief, placed in a situation of great danger from two sides. He effected a retreat within sight of the enemy, the bands playing, and with the air of perfect unconcern. He was, however, much mortified to see the plan frustrated, and published a pamphlet to justify his conduct; and it was not a little gratifying to him, that Frederick the Great in his Memoirs bore testimony to the propriety of his measure, and to his innocence of the mistake which had originated with his superiors.

But although Count Wilhelm inspired general admiration by his talents and his intrepidity, he was by no means popular among his brother officers. Envy and jealousy of course had their share in their disapprobation; but it had also a more direct reason in his want of caution, by which he frequently gave offence when it was least intended. The peculiarities of his conduct were noted by all, and remembered a long time after he had forgotten them. Thus, on one occasion, he had invited a party of Hanoverian officers; while they were quietly seated in the conviviality of the table, the reports of cannons were heard quite near, and cannon-balls broke the covering of the tent. The officers, surprised, rose up and shouted the French were near. Count Wilhelm said very coolly they were not, and the party had better go on with their dinner. After a short interval, the cannonade was repeated, and several balls dropped in the same corner, and tore the tent a good deal. Another upstart among the officers, and another very quiet and polite speech of the Count, entreating them to be seated, and not to let themselves be disturbed, for they might believe him on his word of honor the French were far off. The officers looked at each other, wondering whether their host was mad, and feeling rather uncomfortable at the continued firing, which was not calculated to give much relish to the luxuries of the Count's table, or even his exquisite wines. At length the Count arose, and said, "So, gentlemen, you see that I may well trust my Buckeburg "artillery; for I ordered them to keep firing just at that particular "corner of the tent for the sake of exercise, which, I flatter myself, "they have executed to your satisfaction." There was little to be said to that; but they walked off, bestowing hearty curses on the Count, his artillery, and his dinner parties---

"inque repentinos convivia versa tumultus."

Many incidents, of more or less importance, contributed to alienate him completely from the majority of the officers, and to create ill blood. At the same time he was unable to repress his indignation, or to bridle his satire, on the promotion of undeserving

individuals; and all this went so far, that at length he left the army, retired to Buckeburg, and seemed to be lost to the world, when an unexpected event occurred which opened to him a sphere of activity, in another quarter, for the full display of his military genius.

The King of France, mortified by his repeated losses in Germany, resolved on attacking Portugal, and on seconding the Spanish in destroying their common enemy, the ally of Great Britain. The English ministry were anxious to do all in their power to assist the ancient ally, being fully satisfied, that the *casus foederis* was made out. The first requisite was to find an experienced General, who would undertake not only the command, but also the reform of the forces of the Portuguese, which were in a state of dissolution, and utterly unfit to face an enemy. Lord Bute proposed the Count Lippe; and the Count, without hesitation, took leave of his brave Buckeburghers, and appeared in London, where he met with the most flattering reception: the most splendid offers were made to him, and in the spring of 1562, he landed in Oporto, There also he was most enthusiastically received; the fame of his courage had gone before him, and desperate as the circumstances might appear, the general feeling was, that he must rise superior to them, that the regeneration of the army, and the liberation of the country, must be achieved by him, and him alone.

"Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro."

Such was the feeling of the first enthusiasm, in which the Count participated; but Count Wilhelm himself considered the difficulties more seriously; he knew the transient nature of those popular ebullitions; he resolved not to trust in any thing but the caution and the energy of his own measures. The king offered him a yearly salary of 3000l., which he declined, and made him a present of 40,000 crusadi; of which he accepted sufficient to pay his Field Marshal's robe, and divided the rest among the soldiers. It is impossible to describe the state of want in which they were suffering. Among the officers, every trace of honorable feeling was extinguished: many of them had resorted to a trade, from indigence; some worked as sailors, while their wives set up as laundresses; a colonel was seen to call for the linen at the door, and to bring it home. Some of the ancient Portuguese nobility were base enough to feel gratified at the humiliation of the officers, many of whom they engaged and paid as servants. One of the first measures of the new Commander in Chief, was to use all possible means to check these abuses most forcibly, and to restore a military feeling among this degraded order. He lost no opportunity of making good his principle by his own example. One day he dined with the General Count Arcos; his eye fell on a man waiting behind the chairs, in an officer's dress; he inquired what was the meaning of this, and being informed that the individual held a lieutenant's commission, but acted at present as servant, Count Wilhelm rose, and declared that he would not taste any thing, till he should see the officer seated between the General and himself. The want of personal courage had become so general, that the Count thought it necessary, though personally opposed to the principle of single combat, to put

a close to the practice of dictating a challenge on account of pretended religious scruples. This, together with the rigorous discipline, which was as unwelcome as it was necessary, rendered him very unpopular. But he had not been elated with sanguine hopes, and he was not now depressed by the appearance of every thing to his disadvantage.

The Portuguese army nominally amounted to 18,000 men; but on examination, the real forces were proved scarcely half that number; and even that half not in a state to be led against an enemy. There was no order, no discipline, no magazines. But, says our author, if it is the merit of a good General to meet the enemy at the head of well-disciplined troops, it is the privilege of superior genius to use anything as an instrument, to create them according to circumstances, to adopt such measures as his means will permit, and to model his means according to the measures which become necessary. Of this art, a more perfect sample was never given, than by the new Field Marshal.

The forces of the Spaniards, including the French supplies, amounted to 42,000 men, and about 108 pieces of artillery. They encamped in the spring 1762, near Zamora; the troops and the ammunition were in the best state; but the Commander in Chief, the Marquess de Saria, an old gentleman of seventy years, very regular in his devotional habits, would have cut a better figure at the head of a procession than of an army. The Count Wilhelm, though prior to the invention of that most glorious of sciences, was fully sensible of the preponderance of *Veneration*, and the deficiency of *Destructiveness*, in his opponent. Yet could he not do, what other Generals are said to have done---draw for victory on the faults of his opponent only. He found no more than 15,000 men at his disposition, the English soldiers included. In the state of the rest of that number, it would have been the height of folly to venture a battle. The Count, therefore, had no alternative, but to devise a system of definitive warfare, bearing on every point that, from the nature of the ground, offered an opportunity of detaining or injuring the enemy. He considered the most important position to be near Abrantes, on the right of the Tejo; there he pitched a camp, sheltered by rocks, and torrents, and glens, and by the river itself; protecting in its turn the capital, and keeping open the communication with the Mondego, and the Guadiana. The provinces of the North, beyond the Mondego and Douro, were sufficiently guarded by their mountainous position, by the martial spirit of their inhabitants, and the troops sent them under the command of the Marquess of Marialva.

The fortress of Almeida had been repaired in great hurry, and was in a state to be kept at least for some months; but it was lost by the cowardice and treachery of the Portuguese. In many instances, the plans of the Field Marshal were frustrated by the total want of attention on the part of the civil authorities, who had to provide for the necessary stores. It would be tedious to enumerate all the separate difficulties, or all the engagements, many of which, though but of little importance in themselves, contributed to annoy and weaken the Spanish troops, who found it impossible to turn their

superiority of numbers to account. The courage of the Spaniards was also greatly reduced by the boldness with which some of the leaders of the Portuguese, especially the brigade-officer Burgoyne, and Colonel-Lieutenant Lee, and the Field Marshal himself, used to head small parties, and attack them every moment that they were off their guard, or found themselves on disadvantageous ground. The Field Marshal expressed himself greatly indebted to the Generals Townshend and Frazer, of whom the former led a detachment of Portuguese soldiers through the very wildest paths of the mountains, and attacked the Spanish army on a quarter which they had considered inaccessible. Wherever the Spaniards proceeded, they found all provisions destroyed; and the discontent of the soldiers, and the disappointment of the leaders themselves, increased daily, till at length the army broke up, on the 15th of November, left the camp, and returned to Spain. The preliminaries of peace between England and France had been previously signed on the 3rd of November, and the hostilities in Portugal were at an end.

The conduct and the success of Count Wilhelm, had excited the admiration of Europe, and it had at length inspired with confidence even those among the Portuguese, who had looked with an eye of distrust or jealousy on the power laid in the hands of a foreigner. But when the Count proceeded to make use of all his influence to ameliorate the order of things; when with the utmost severity he urged the necessity of a reform in the system of granting places and commissions; when, with his own incorruptible austerity, he exposed the incompetency and selfishness of many who were then in power; when he declared himself the open enemy of superstition, wherever it threatened to bias the public mind, or to block up the road to real improvement; when he did all that nobody has ever done with impunity, in a state chained down by inveterate bigotry:---then his secret enemies began to concentrate their forces, and to oppose him by all the means within the reach of a powerful faction. His disregard of popular prejudices, went a great way to facilitate their operations. His life was more than once in danger from fanatics, who had been instigated by the priests. One day the Field Marshal was engaged in a conversation with some officers, when a bullet went through his hat. He looked round, without leaving the spot on which he stood, and in the same moment another bullet whizzed close by; his eye caught a soldier who was in the act of firing a third time. The man was instantly secured, and the Field Marshal ordered him to be executed on the spot, without previously allowing him to confess, or receive the last unction. The Portuguese officers remonstrated with him on the cruelty of sending the poor fellow's soul to hell---

"Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneal'd."

But the Field Marshal persisted in his order, judging, very properly, that the only effective way to combat superstition, was to wield its own weapons, and to meet it on its own ground.

The Field Marshal succeeded in his military reforms; he constructed a fortress connected with St. Servia and Elvas, in the

province of Alentejo, called by the king after his own name, La Lippe, which in the late Peninsular war was declared to be one of the strongest fortresses in Europe. He left Portugal in a state of comparative safety, and of perfect readiness to meet an enemy. He is said to have suggested numerous improvements in the administration, and the Marquess of Pombal consulted him freely on all subjects, after he had once conquered his natural dislike of military men, and the diffidence with which he had first considered the authority of a foreigner. But on this part of his activity, the Count always kept the strictest silence, not wishing to appear to extend his influence, any farther than his official character warranted him to do. Military schools were opened, and all measures taken to ensure the continuation of an improving state of affairs. When he conceived that his presence was no longer indispensable, he took his leave of a country, in which he had made many friends, and many enemies, but of whom, even the latter were in his debt, for the gallant manner in which he had defended their homes from a foreign invasion.

He declined accepting of any reward for his services, except some honorary presents, to which was afterwards added a richly ornamented sword; when on his way home, he visited London.

Immediately after his arrival at his own Buckeburg, (in November, 1763) he recommenced the execution of his former plans. He constructed an admirable fortress, the Wilhelm Stein, on an island in a lake of considerable extent in his territory. The fortress could be kept for several years by 400 men, but to blockade it completely, 12,000 men and much artillery would have been requisite. On the Wilhelm Stein he also established a most flourishing military school, and manufactures of military ammunition, which were celebrated throughout Europe. In all this, he acted up to his own patriotic idea of showing practically, what might be done even with limited means, and what he conceived ought to be done to defend a country, which, in its dismembered state, has afterwards been found but too open to invasion, and from a want of concentration, unable to avail itself of its full powers.

He composed a work, "*Mémoires sur la Guerre Défensive*," of which only ten copies were printed (Stadthagen, 1775, in six volumes), and these ten copies were shut up in the archives of Buckeburg. The manuscript, which contained many additions, was dedicated to the King of Portugal; indeed the work was chiefly calculated for that country; but he only used to read to his friends from time to time such extracts as illustrated the measures by which Switzerland might be protected from great exterior force, or his own ideas on general subjects of military services. The following is an extract from the preface:

"Man appears to be naturally inclined to war, as some beasts are to prey. What man has to do with every animal instinct, if he does not mean to be degraded to the level of the animal, he must be also with this; he must elevate it, and revise its character. The inclination to war, which in its original unformed state is a disgrace to mankind, then becomes the active source of virtue, of generosity, of valor, of every manly sentiment. The endeavour to perfectionate the military science, is by no means the joyless task of inventing new schemes of artificial slaughter, but a merit in the cause

of humanity. The more perfect the military art, the more dangerous is it to begin wars, the more rare is the occurrence of them, and the more distant their character from savage slaughter. Whenever this higher art is misused to offensive war, it throws us back to that very point from which, by its means, we had an opportunity of emerging. Defensive war alone is legitimate; every attack is below the dignity of an honest man."

He gave much of his time to the conduct of the affairs of his subjects. He took care to select men of known integrity for all public offices, and frequently consulted with them on the details of the administration. His character, too, gained in the "milk of human "kindness" the more he felt domesticated in his own possessions; he was never weary to listen to the complaints of individuals, or to plans of general improvement. He removed the burthens which had weighed heavily on the people; he encouraged industry, and rewarded merit wherever it appeared.

In 1767, he made a second journey to Portugal, to examine the state of the new institutions. He was enthusiastically received; and it was the wish of many that he might remain. But after he had discharged what he considered his duty to the new creation, which, in a great measure, was his own, he returned to his country, which was more and more endeared to him by the ties of domestic joys. He had married the daughter of Count Lippe-Busherfeld, a woman of superior beauty and accomplishments, and of the most amiable disposition. He had seen her portrait, and read her letters, which her brother, his friend, had occasionally shown him. He sought her hand, before he had made her personal acquaintance, and a more tender or consummate affection could not be imagined than that which united them for life. They had only one daughter, who died early. The mind of the Countess, though by no means equal to the extraordinary grasp of intelligence which he commanded, had a tacit but effective influence on his character. He devoted himself to the pursuits of literature: from his early youth he had been familiar with Shakspeare, and with the better parts of French literature. He used to quote both with enthusiasm. He used to enjoy a philosophical argument; and he invited a young writer, Thomas Abt, who wrote an essay on "The "Death of the Patriot," and "On Merit," to pass his days at Buckeburg; he delighted in the conversation of the unobtrusive but deep thinker, who in his turn was attracted by the bolder conceptions of his noble friend. Moses Mendelsohn, one of the first philosophers of that time, bears witness to the acumen which the Count frequently displayed, and which made up for the want of a literary education. Zimmermann, who had been honored by the confidence of Frederick the Great, speaks with much admiration of the genius of Count Wilhelm. As an instance of his fondness of philosophical discussion, Zimmermann relates, that, on a Sunday, in the gardens at Pyrmont, while all the fashionable world were crowded in the public walks, Count Wilhelm conversed with him for two hours on one spot, and pointed out to him what he considered the weak side of all the evidences commonly quoted for the existence of the Divine Being, and in what manner he conceived that these evidences might be strengthened.

Abt died early, and Count Wilhelm called the celebrated Herder to Buckeburg, and conferred on him the first ecclesiastical honors. But Herder's mind was less pliant; though far his junior in years, and his inferior in his station. Herder asserted his independence in a manner which the Count respected, but which prevented the intimacy which he had anticipated. The misunderstandings that might have happened were never allowed to infringe on the official sphere or the character of Herder, and the Countess, who found the friend she had sought in Herder's wife, was anxious to keep up the mutual confidence.

The Countess died in 1776, and a heavier blow had never been inflicted on the feelings of the warrior. In a deep and retired grove he erected her monument, with this inscription: "Sacred hope! "Emanated from divine power! Source of the blissful thought, that "what united the part of our being endowed with intelligence, shall "consist for ever, unperishing, in spite of all the changes of that which "is born to change." At the entrance of the grove he had carved these words: "The progress to perfection is unbounded, though in "the grave the trace of its course be lost to mortal eyes." There stood the hero, who had braved death in a thousand shapes, and pined away the rest of his days in cheerless solitude, without a son to support or a friend to comfort his old age. Another call to Portugal roused him for a moment from his apathy; he would have followed it, but his constitution was exhausted by the exertions of his youth, and the sufferings of his latter days: his race was run; he looked to his death, silent and resigned, but not without the gladdening anticipation of the hereafter. He expired on the 16th of September, 1777.

SONNET.

Behold the orchards bearing golden stores,
The barns replenished with the ripen'd grain,
Whilst e'en from wood, heath, hedge-row Nature pours
Her bounties forth against the gelid reign
Of gloomy Winter stints the ferine train;
Yet ripe with riches though the Autumn be,
Does it the promise of the Spring maintain?
When teem'd with bud and blossom every tree,
And all was beauty and expectancy;
So---when success attends on human schemes,
Crowning man's autumn season, could we see,
The fairy objects of his youthful dreams,
Comparing plan and structure; how should we
Perceive Hope's visions mock reality!

——K.

KEENNESS OF A BLIND MAN.

Lazarus, a clever Spanish servant, who had for some time been the guide of a blind beggar, relates the following story to his present master.

"In order to let you know the degree to which this old man's cunning extended, I will tell you one of the many adventures which happened to us while I lived with him, and which, it appears to me, displays not a little penetration.

"It happened that we came to Almarez in the time of the vintage, and one of the peasants gave him a large bunch of grapes. Our basket was a bad one, and the fruit very ripe, so the old man determined to share it with me immediately, partly because, as he said, we could not take it with us, and partly to make some recompense for the many kicks and cuffs he had been giving me for several days past.

"We sat down under a hedge, and he said, 'Now I will be liberal 'with thee, and thou shalt have as large a share as I of this bunch; 'and to divide it fairly, let us do this---thou shalt pluck one time, 'and I the next, upon this condition, that thou shalt promise me to 'take only one berry at a time, and I will do the same, and thus 'there can be no treachery.'

"After we had made this bargain, we fell to. But immediately on his second turn, the old man altered his practice, and began to take two, for he thought that I should do the same.

"When I saw that he had changed his doings, I was not contented merely with imitating him, but went still further, and took them two by two, or three by three, according as I could pluck them off.

"When the grapes were all gone, the old man held the stalk in his hand, and said to me, shaking his head, 'Lazarus, thou hast 'cheated me! I could swear that thou hast eaten the grapes three 'by three.' 'I did not,' answered I; 'but how came the thought 'into your head?' The old man answered, 'Dost thou know how 'I remarked that thou tookest them by threes? Because I eat them 'two by two, and thou saidst nothing!' I smiled to myself, and although very young, admired the keen perception of the blind man."

A LACONISM.

Amand Verghofer, an eccentric student, whom Wieland called the Austrian Rousseau, resigned his situation as Director of the College in Syria, in Upper Austria, for the sake of being more independent. His letter was conceived in the following terms:

"May it please your Excellency,
I beg that I may cease to be
Your
Obedient Servant,
A. VERGHOFER."

ON CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

(*See The Study of the Dead Languages, page 464.*)

There is doubtless a strong prejudice in favor of what is of long standing. Antiquity has its charms; opinions are often hereditary; habit is proverbially second nature. The principle last mentioned, is strongly evinced in the fond recollections of our childhood and youth. The delight we feel in such a retrospect, is the result, not so much of our associating together the ideas of youth and innocence, as of the transitory recurrence to habits long ago formed, almost forgotten, and apparently extinct, and yet capable of being awakened to momentary vigor. The observation is correct, as well as trite, that the impressions of youth are never forgotten; and it might truly be added, that its habits are never wholly eradicated. Reverence for antiquity and the force of habit, are but modifications of one principle, as might easily be proved, if our design were to indulge in the chain of reasoning which would establish such an unimportant conclusion. Our object is different, and the only use we therefore make of the foregoing observations, is to draw from them the corollary (which no one will doubt), that motives so strong need to be carefully watched, lest we should allow ourselves, in the nineteenth century, to be lost by a reliance on the wisdom which existed before the Christian Æra, or at mature age to be lulled to rest in the cradle of our infancy.

These remarks would, we think, have been admirably adapted to the general course of thought from the dark ages to the half century previous to the French Revolution. That wonderful event, and the causes which led to it, not only altered the relations of the political, but influenced materially the intellectual world, and greatly changed the current of public opinion. It was such a crisis as occurred at the revival of letters, as immense in its whole operation, and as influential in its kind, although, acting on a more polished surface, its effects are perhaps less deeply marked. Like all such commotions, it had its action and reaction. The waves were to a certain extent irresistible; but the very impetus caused a violent recoil, and that is now producing a return of the first inundation. Like that of the Nile, it tends, when restrained within due bounds, to fertilize the soil, but the prudent cultivator will expect that with the blessing of increased productiveness will come the curse of weeds, noxious and plentiful in proportion as the soil which bears them is rich and powerful. The present age is wonderful for the general spread amongst all classes of knowledge of every kind; its curse is its superficiality. It is unexampled in invention; its curse is its rage for speculation and bubbles. It is rich in research and discovery; its curse is again its contempt for all that is ancient. Mankind, like the Athenians of old, spend their time in enquiring if there is anything new. If in times that are gone by, antiquity stamped its value on the sayings and wisdom of its authors, so that its impress alone gave currency to a metal that in some cases was worthless, we, in the present day, treat the wisdom of our ancestors as we do the shillings

of the old coinage—we throw them away, to make room for Pistrucci's gay pieces; and plume ourselves upon having something quite new in our purses. It will do us no harm, however, to reflect, that the old despised money was paid into the Mint to be recoined, and that our new crown piece is only the old silver with a different impress---more showy and modern, but still the same bullion, with, if we mistake not, a little more alloy. Thus it is with much modern literature:---the same dish with a different garnish---a more piquant sauce---or sometimes only a changed name. More is made of the solids. The old-fashioned joint is converted into stews without end, and soups so various, that the ingenuity of man is taxed to apply to each class its proper nomenclature. But it is the old beef still:---often spoiled, and but seldom improved in flavor. It would astonish the constant frequenter of a London eating-house to be told, that "Cotelettes a la Maintenon" are but mutton chops; and it would pass the belief of many a self-called modern philosopher to find, that some of his choicest aphorisms are nothing but translations from Cicero or Plato---persons who lived when the world was in its nonage ---clothed in feeble language, instead of their nervous and concise original dress.

These observations occurred to us when reading the paper which appeared in the September number on the Study of the Dead Languages, and which we now notice with the intention of replying to it.

The writer is no compromiser:---he states his opinions boldly---is startled by no consequences, and does not stand at any obstacles that appear in his way. He overleaps them all, and evidently trusts that the charm which he states in his first paragraph---that he has novelty to present to his readers---will bear him safely through, though the ground on which he treads is the very land of fascination, and the pursuits that he spurns are girdled with the spell of enchantment. We own that we have been pleased with his frankness, when we have wondered at his conclusions; and have admired his valor, where we have condemned his rashness.

There is one preliminary point which he has passed over, which is so important, as to stand at the threshold of any enquiry on the subject of education. We are surprised at this, not only because it betrays some want of due consideration on the part of one who is to attack every thing done "more majorum," but also because he actually mentions the "legitimate end" of education as one of the things upon which very little has been written. What this "legitimate end" is, we are left to guess at from the tenor of his remarks, for it is no where explicitly mentioned. We suspect that on this point we and he are at variance. We presume that he takes the principal object of education to be the acquisition of knowledge, and that to this he would limit it, allowing by way of incidental advantage only any thing that may be connected with it. Here we are at issue; we conceive that the knowledge imparted at school, is principally valuable as a mean to a much more important end, and that this end is the improvement of the faculties of the mind. The knowledge acquired at a school---even supposing it to be framed after the plan of our theorist---is but of little use in after life, as may be easily shewn. We will suppose

a place of education, designed upon what we presume would be esteemed the newest and most improved fashion. Let Greek and Latin be excluded;---the Greeks have lost their language as well as their liberties, and the "ultimus Romanorum" has been buried ages ago. Discard poetry;—men now talk prose; the statutes at large are the very opposite to "sweet poesy," and the days of Ossian are ended. Banish music;---her reign is over. Thebes cannot be rebuilt by another Amphion; and wives have either ceased to be as virtuous as Eurydice, or husbands have lost the power,---perhaps the will, to fetch them back if once gone to that place, which must not be named to ears polite. Instead of these follies of the fathers who begat us, teach English---English in the morning, at noon, and at night---arithmetic, writing, and the sciences, and we will venture to say, that even this supreme excellence of tuition---this scholastic Elysium, is valuable for little, except to the extent to which it has enabled the boy to *use* his faculties. We are fearful of being classed as pedants, or overwhelmed with contempt, or the classical turn of our thoughts, if we venture to express our meaning by recurrence to an etymology; we will however be bold enough to say, that our notion of education is expressed by the Latin word from which the phrase is derived; that it signifies not to cram knowledge in so much as to draw the faculties out. We fancy that the ancients must have had this idea in using a substantive formed from such a verb; and probably this may be a sufficient reason for our opponent's adopting a different theory. We cannot stay to prove further the truth of our position, but must leave it to the judgment of our readers after they have read through our paper, the whole of which will have a bearing upon it. If it be a true one, it will follow as a necessary consequence, that that is the best system of education which tends most to increase the activity and augment the prowess of the mind: and that to judge of a plan, only by the actual quantum of available knowledge possessed by a boy on his leaving school, is to lay down false premises as the foundation for a conclusion. This is the fundamental principle upon which our views are founded, and we trust it will be borne in mind by our readers,

Before we attempt to prove the adaptation of classical learning to this, we must clear our way by adverting to some few of the heresies of the writer whose article we have been noticing.

There is no small degree of art used in the early part of the paper, in jumbling a vast many questions—some not of the most sapient kind—together, and laying the whole odium which can attach to the statement of them, upon the unfortunate classics. It is not our design to attempt an answer, knowing well the truth of the old saying, that a fool may ask questions which it will puzzle the wisest of men to reply to. There is one thing thrown out, however, which we shall notice, because it will enable us still further to unfold our views on education. Our author says, ironically, that in learning Greek and Latin, the shortest road is the worst: this is not so absurd as the writer may have imagined. The Hamiltonian system is the most rapid plan of teaching a language yet discovered, and is, indeed, almost—what we despaired of ever seeing—a royal road to

literature; but the objection to it is, that though well adapted to teach words to parrots, it is ill suited for the instruction of rational beings in ideas; it improves the memory, but leaves the other faculties as it found them. The longest way about would, as in other cases, be here the nearest way home. By beginning with the grammar, and proceeding from one step of knowledge to another, the language would be acquired, although not in so rapid a mode, yet accompanied by this advantage, that while the specific information was gained, the power of making fresh advances would be acquired by the improved strength of the faculties, and the implantation of habits of research.

We are asked whether we derive our sanction for studying foreign languages from the ancients, and are told that in Greece and Rome no languages but their own were made matters of instruction. Now, as to Greece, the question is idle, until it is proved that some nation stood in the same relation to her as she now does to us. The fact is, that the scarcity of books, and the very partial diffusion of literature, in that early age, necessarily confined the Greeks to the study of their own language: in Rome the case was different, and nothing short of a wilful and perverse blindness could have induced any one to assert the contrary. The Romans were never as a nation a literary people; none, but the "few professed scholars" alluded to, cared about any learning, save what related to military tactics: but those who really wished to enjoy the advantages of education, studied Greek. There is an absurdity in saying, that to understand and speak that language was a matter of derision: would Atticus have esteemed the appellation an honor, and Cicero have always addressed his letters to him by that name, if it had been any thing but such a complimentary appellation as it was customary to give*; as when, for example, Scipio was called Africanus, and Fabius, Cunctator? The facts which are stated in the paper in question, in order to prove that the Romans did *not* study a foreign language, are all decisive to the contrary. Even those who were employed as teachers of elocution to the young Romans were mostly Grecians. The Latin writers on education invariably recommend, in the strongest terms, the acquisition of the Greek language; and Horace, in the Ars Poetica, gives the same advice to the Pisos, as poetical students.

"Vos exemplaria Græca,
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ."

In short, we are surprised at the carelessness which could have allowed such an error as this to creep into so elaborate an argument.

Another extraordinary want of discrimination appears in the assertion, that the beauty of the Greek language was gained, in great measure, by its being made a matter of exclusive study; and the inference drawn from it, that by our classical knowledge our mother tongue is weakened and corrupted. Were our language as original as, for ought we know to the contrary, both Greek and Latin are, there might be something in the observation; but the fact is not so:

* Atticus was, in fact, so named more from his constant residence in Athens, than his knowledge of Grecian Literature. "Pomponius ita enim se Athenis collocavit, ut sit "pæne unus ex Atticis, et id etiam cognomine videatur habiturus." *Cic. de Fin.* 5. 2.

both Latin and Greek, themselves original, are found to be the very foundation of the English language; and classical knowledge therefore enables us to understand the meaning, and feel the beauties of our own tongue, to a degree which we should in vain look for without such a help; and why, we would ask, should the knowledge of another language tend to injure our power over our own, any more than the capability of dancing should prevent our walking properly? If any language could do this, it must be a modern and a living one:—as the style of Gibbon was said to be influenced by his residence in France—but to talk of a classical education causing it, more especially when in the very next paragraph we are told that "not one in "a hundred carries away with him from school sufficient knowledge to "read a page in any classical author," is trifling with our reason. We assert, on the contrary, that an acquaintance with the languages of Greece and Rome, is the best assistance that can be had for understanding English: that most of our old words are derived immediately from one or other of them, and that the whole nomenclature of science and art, from a hyperoxygenated muriate, down to a paraboue clog, and almost every new word that is coined to express any new combination of ideas, is framed from Greek or Latin phrases. We go a step further and say, that the genius of our tongue requires it to be recruited from foreign languages. There is nothing original in it—Saxon, Danish, Greek, Latin, and French have all lent their aid; and as it was formed at first, not by home manufacture, but by importation, so it is still necessary that it should be enriched in the same manner. If this is correct, who will say that the majesty and beauty of English have not been greatly increased by the wisdom of those who have drawn their new phrases, not from modern sources, but from the original wells; from the beautiful language of ancient Greece, and the sonorous tongue of Rome? yet we are told, that a knowledge of these originals will only make us more incapable of understanding the derivatives. Risum teneatis, amici?

We notice another paragraph, not because we care about the shadow of argument it contains, but to show the nature of the logic which this contemner of antiquity opposes to its claims. "We are "told," he says, "about studying the ancients as models; we ask "what models had the Greeks themselves? when did they exist?" We answer, we really do not know, nor do we care; but if we are to be taught by these queries, that because they *had* no models, they are unfit *to be* models, we know what opinion to form of our instructor. Arkwright invented a machine which he called a spinning jenny, and we wish he had been classical enough to borrow some more euphonous appellation from the ancients; suppose the cotton spinners of Lancashire, instead of using the discovery, had said, "Take Ark-"wright's invention for a model, not we indeed:" we ask, "What model "had Arkwright himself? where did it exist?" Even our opponent would have said that the Lancashire folks wanted nothing but the curse of a classical education to be complete ninnies. But still more than this, after the fulmination against a resort to Grecian models, the writer proceeds to quote the neglect of models by the Greeks, as

an example that we should imitate: if it be foolish to study Grecian literature as a model for imitation, is it less so to quote their conduct as an example for ours?

"Mutato nomine de te fabulam narras."

We cannot afford time or space to go through the rest of the arguments of this original writer, whose hatred of antiquity seems to have induced him to question every opinion which was born before he was. There is scarcely a sentence which would not form a text for a pamphlet. We cannot indeed but suspect that, like Lord Byron, the writer hates the classics not for their sakes, but his own. We, for our parts, are content to be at variance, on all questions of taste, with one who prefers Pope's paraphrase of the Iliad to Homer, and, on most questions of philosophy, with one who would sacrifice all "ancient philosophy, moral, metaphysical, and political, Greek and "Roman together, from Plato to Tully," and for what? for a single one of Hume's disquisitions!! We have no sympathy with him who views in contempt and derision the melancholy tale of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, and showers his plaudits on the Goths and Vandals. We can no longer stop to reason with a logician, who quotes two isolated and detached parts of sentences (absurd enough in their disjoined condition, but probably clear and plain in their connection) from the speeches of men of education and rank, assumes their incorrectness, and charges it upon their having had classical educations;—with which it had no more to do, than with their having learnt to dance, or to eat salt with their potatoes. In truth, the greater part of the article is nothing but a bold and vigorous abuse of classical knowledge. We have the charity to believe that the author must have been one of the ninety-nine "who did not carry "away with them from school sufficient knowledge of either Latin or "Greek to enable them to read a page, in any one author, with such "facility as would induce them to do so;" and, in that comfortable belief, leave him for the purpose of saying, What are the advantages of studying the dead languages?

We go back to our old position, that the object of scholastic studies is principally to exercise, strengthen, and improve the faculties. Subordinate to this, there are two ends which stand in our creed, in relative importance to each other, in the order in which we name them, viz. the acquisition of a habit of application and thought, and the pursuit of knowledge. We place the acquisition of knowledge last, not that we undervalue it, but because beyond the mere elements, the broad principles on which it rests, the real information gained at school, is in after life of little value. Let a boy be master of the first rules of arithmetic, write intelligibly, and be generally acquainted with geography and history, and, supposing he is not intended for some profession, of which a particular branch of knowledge is the foundation, he has all the information he can really make use of. His chemistry, and botany, and optics, and mechanics,—and mathematics and scientific acquirements, may be valuable as a source of amusement,

but are rarely called into action. We are no admirers of theorists in political economy, and are sure that such "a little knowledge" as a school could afford, or the youthful mind receive, would be, indeed, a most "dangerous thing." The acquisition of modern languages we do not mention, because, although very important, we are convinced that the most useful of them are so founded on Latin and Greek, as to render classical pursuits the very best means of acquiring them. If our knowledge is then of so little utility, what do we go to school for? the answer is clear;—to engage in those exercises which shall render the mind capable of close application, and improve its faculties for whatever purposes our necessities may afterwards require. The school is a mental gymnasium; and many exercises are performed, not for the sake of subsequent repetition, but simply to strengthen the powers with which we are endowed by nature.

The question is then narrowed to this;---is the study of the dead languages the most useful mental and intellectual exercise?

We do not think it necessary, at present, to go largely into this subject. The field is still our own, and will remain so, until we are attacked more systematically, as well as more successfully, than has yet been the case. As we do not, nevertheless, dissemble our opinion, that there is abroad too much of the notion, that every thing must give way to the soi-disant useful branches of scientific knowledge, we may perhaps on a future occasion be tempted to resume the subject. At present we only state, in general terms, that our preference of the study of the dead languages as a mean of intellectual education, arises from our belief, that the difficulties they present are such, as are most suited to healthy mental exercise; that the application and abstraction of mind necessary to be used for the mastery of them, are better adapted, than the same need arising from other causes, to produce habits of industry and thought;---that such pursuits are free from the many ill consequences necessarily arising from constant reflexion on matters requiring pure mathematical demonstration;—that the taste is likely to be more improved, while larger resources are provided for intellectual recreation and delight, from classical studies, than any other; ---that this knowledge must necessarily in most cases, and with the greatest facility and certainty in all, be gained in the period of youth, while all others are, with as much, if not more ease, acquired in after life;---and that, after allowing every deduction, it may yet fairly be said, that no intellectual exercise worthy of the name, yields so much solid advantage and utility amidst the cares, and wants, and anxieties, and real business of the world, as those, which are either essentially connected with, or naturally arise out of the study of classical literature. We have not time or space to pursue these ideas; we are convinced of their justness, and throw them out for the consideration of those who would upset the system of education which has received the approbation, and been stamped with the fiat of great men in our own, and all other civilized countries.

There is one hint more that we must give.---It is always assumed by the opponents of a classical education, that it is of such an all-engrossing nature, as to exclude all other information. Nothing

can be more untrue. The period of youth is amply sufficient to lay the foundation, not only of this, but all other knowledge; and, until the mind attains its maturity, only the foundation can be laid of any. We do not wish to banish one branch of learning, moral, practical, or scientific; but we contend for this---that the classics should have a prominent share amongst them, and we assert that they will not shut the door to any, but will render all others of more easy attainment. We might appeal to experience on this point, and are convinced, that there is no one engaged in the education of a number of youths but will say, that, instead of his classical scholars being inferior to those, whose whole attention has been devoted to the other studies which our antagonist recommends, they excel them even in their own pursuits.

There is much danger in removing institutions of long standing, even although prejudicial, if closely interwoven with the habits of mankind. No persons should be so slow and cautious as innovators, as none have so much to be responsible for, saddled as they are with the double load of proof, that what they subvert is bad, and what they substitute, good. We trust that the wishes of the writer with whom we have been contending, will in this instance be futile; and doubt not, but that like the rustic in the fable, he will look long before the stream of education, which has hitherto flowed in the classical channel, shall alter its course.

> "Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
> Labitur, et labitur, in omne volubilis ævum."

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

OCCASIONED BY AN EVENT THAT OCCURRED IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

Dark and dense was the mist which hung over the mountain,
And shrouded in gloom was the scenery round,
And save the soft flow from the neighbouring fountain,
Over hill, wood, and valley, reign'd silence profound;
High rose the steep pathway of terror and danger,
Sought early at morn by the desolate stranger,
The last time to be mid those wonders a ranger,
Those vallies, and hills, with eternal snows crown'd.

Alas! hapless fair, did no thought urge retreating,
As the sun's rays illumin'd the far distant glen,
And the hamlet arose, where for thee hearts were beating,
In all the fond force of first tenderness then?
Perchance the clouds breaking in splendor before thee,
Were hail'd with delight by the parent who bore thee,
As omens that morn to thy home would restore thee,
To wander in scenes of thy childhood again.

E'er thy looks were impress'd by the fervor of madness,
Alas! could not reason one moment prevail,
And convince thee, the God who spread glory and gladness,
Would hear in his mercy thy bosom's sad tale?
Tho' dark was thy hour of deep suffering and sorrow,
From mists fading from thee, oh could'st thou not borrow
One bright gleam of hope, to convince thee to-morrow
Thou free from the gloom of affliction shouldst hail?

One moment, the sun's beams thy vest were arraying
In whiteness, to rival the mountain-top snows,
The next, thy wild rush down the steep were betraying,
And after, gleam'd bright on thy place of repose;
Oh ye! who elate with life's happier potion,
Gaze down on her crag-shadow'd grave with emotion,
And breathe for her spirit in humble devotion,
A prayer to the Being who blessings bestows.

E. B.

THE PAINTER'S PROGRESS.—NO. VII.

Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes;
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent. SHAKESPEARE.

I took some pains with my dress before I set out to dine at the Great House, as it is called by the peasantry hereabouts, for I fancied the laird given to be attentive to personal appearance, both in himself and others; and I was punctual to the hour, because old gentlemen, who live secluded on their estates in the country, are mostly prone to punctuality, especially about meal times. In a word, I was bent upon keeping up the agreeable intercourse that had prevailed between us on our first meeting.

He received me like a friend, with all the courtesy, but none of the formality, of the old school. It was this that made his manner so particularly pleasing. It belonged to no age, but it must always have been the most agreeable of the age he lived in. He was in his parlor, in his Roman chair, and his table was covered with nondescript articles; but it stood at a little distance from him, and he was in conversation with his daughter. He had thrown off his chintz wrapper, and his fur slippers, and he was dressed with sufficient negligence, and sufficient care, to make him still a most graceful object. The room, too, looked less dingy, as it was arranged with more nicety; the chairs

were left at liberty for their proper use; and I observed either one or two additions to the furniture, which had escaped my eye before. A painter's easel, with every description of painting appurtenance, on a table beside it, was erected in front of the end window, and a fine looking head, something after the manner of Vandyke, in a mouldering gilt frame, so encrusted by age and dirt, that it was much of the same hue with the coloring of the portraits hung over the chimney.

I had mistaken my host—he was too liberal-minded to be encumbered by those petty prejudices, which make the little circumstances of every-day life irksome. Dinner was neither ordered, nor was it ready, for some time after my arrival. It was served in the large deserted chamber, into which I had by chance wandered, on my first visit; there was a good deal of old-fashioned plate; the cookery, chiefly French, was particularly excellent; and we were waited on by several servants, all of whom had an air of great respectability.

Our party consisted of the laird, his daughter, myself, and one other gentleman, young and of prepossessing appearance, whom I understood to be the laird's private secretary. Mr. M'Alister shone in doing the honors of conversation, if I may be allowed the expression; he seemed equally intimate with all common subjects of discourse, and he had the power of rendering whatever topic he fixed on, interesting. He was much addicted to the more elegant pursuits of life, skilled in all the modern languages, well read in the classics of every country, fond of painting, and of music, and of poetry, and an enthusiast in the beauties of nature. There was great taste in all he said, on every point; much knowledge of the world, with a little disposition to judge human nature hardly; yet that was more an after-thought than a feeling, at least it seemed so to me, for there was a fascination in his manner that softened every little asperity of sentiment. The evening glided away most agreeably—it was some time since I had spent one so pleasantly—the wandering life I had been leading during the summer, had almost banished me, for some months, from society; and I felt inexpressibly elevated, by enjoying a few hours of conversation with a man of such captivating powers. It was not till I had left his presence, till I had passed the tottering threshold, and viewed once more his ruined mansion in the moonlight, that the singularities of his character recalled themselves to my mind. No contrast could be stronger than the manners of the host, the style of his conversation, and of his entertainment, and the utter desolation of all beyond the very narrow limits to which he confined himself. To what cause I owed his civilities to myself, I was ignorant; but I must confess they flattered me, for he was seldom known to admit a stranger within the walls of his dreary abode. He lived months without any other society than that of his daughter, and his secretary. To me he had been gracious in no common degree, but I was forced to admit, as I stumbled over the perplexities of my road homewards, that his behaviour to them was cold and distant. Miss M'Alister was gentle and confiding in her manner; she was quiet and pensive, yet anxiously watchful of her father's wishes. She

studied his looks as an over-fond mother does her infant's, and though seldom thanked for her attentions, she seemed to feel repaid by the consciousness that they were necessary. Her father did little without her—a sign, or a glance, told his want, which was so instantly supplied, that none but an eager observer could have detected the mutual intelligence, for there was an air of independence about the laird, which rendered him, in manner, superior to assistance.

He had indeed passed roughly through life, and some of the finer parts of his nature had suffered in the struggle. He came young to his estate, and succeeded an uncle who had indulged the caprices of his boyish years to an injudicious excess. The flatteries of the world seduced him for awhile from the more respectable line of life pointed out to him by his situation. Taken by his foible, he suffered himself to be led by those he was well-fitted to have guided, and neglecting the honorable duties of his rank, he was cajoled into trying a shorter and more brilliant way to fame; but the slippery path misgave, ere he had reached his object, and with his dreams of ambition and his ill-spent wealth, fled his flatterers. To repair his fortunes, he united himself to the daughter of a West-India merchant, a lady as little suited to him in her disposition and her habits, as by birth. She was of a high and untractable temper, easily provoked—never to be appeased, and valuing herself as much upon her wealth and beauty, as her husband valued himself upon his ancestors. She repined, too, at the seclusion to which he had doomed her; for, as much out of spite to her as to himself on his marriage, he had settled on his highland property, without a thought of ever exhibiting himself again in the world with the wife he had so unhappily chosen; he was too sore on the subject to bear of its being thus being recalled to his memory. But a more galling calamity awaited him: Mrs M'Alister, neglected and unhappy, turned for consolation to a cousin she occasionally brought down to visit her. The laird, occupied with his disappointments, saw nothing that was going forward, till his wife had left him and their only child for ever, and eloped with her cousin.

Out of a strange feeling of resentment, he would never divorce her, and thus treasured up another sorrow for his old age. His land was entailed on the male line, and he had only a daughter; she could but inherit her mother's fortune, a distant relation must succeed to his highland estate. From the hour that this first struck him, he ceased to take any care of the improvement of his property; he neglected his house, his domain, his people; he neither spent money on his place, nor did he turn any of its advantages to his profit; he was content with an income which he never sought to increase, satisfied with merely existing. I felt that there must be weakness of character, where disappointment, of whatever kind, had worked so much evil; yet I think this only interested me more in the desolate old man. A faithless wife—inconstant friends—a stranger to succeed him! It was much to bear; and to have borne it firmly, was beyond the strength of one whose leading error was vanity. The old laird had

many shades in his character, but there was something in his manner, when I knew his story, that made me find an excuse for all.

There is an extraordinary superstition connected with his family, which perhaps helped a little to soften my heart towards the failings of the laird. Ages ago,---for I have never yet got a date from a Highlander as to the transactions of long past times,---but many generations back, in the days of a chief of great renown in the clan, called M'Alister More, either from his deeds or his stature, there was a skirmish with a neighbouring clan that ended fatally for the M'Alisters, though in the contest at the time they were victorious.

A party of their young men set out once upon a foray; they marched over the hills for several hours, and at last descended into a little glen, which was rented as a black cattle farm by a widow woman and her two sons. The sons were absent from home on some excursion, and had carried most of their servants with them, so that the M'Alisters met with no resistance in their attempts to raise the cattle. They hunted every corner of the glen, secured every beast, and, in spite of the tears of the widow, they drove her herd away. When the sons returned, and heard the story of the raid, they collected a strong party of their friends, and crossing the hill secretly by night, surprised the few M'Alisters who were left in charge of the spoil, vanquished them easily, and recovered their cattle. Such a slight to the power of M'Alister More could not go unpunished. The chief himself headed the band which set out to vindicate the honor of the clan. He marched steadily over the rugged mountains, and arrived towards sunset in the little glen. To oppose the force he brought with him, would have been fruitless; the sons and their few adherents were speedily overpowered, and led bound before him; they were small in number, but they were gallant and brave, and yielded only to superior strength. M'Alister More was always attended by four and twenty bowmen, who acted as his body guard, his jury, his judges, and his executioners. They erected on the instant a gibbet before the door of the wretched mother, and there her sons were hung.

Her cottage was built at the foot of a craggy, naked rock, on a strip of green pasture land, and beside a mountain torrent; the gibbet was a few paces from it, on the edge of the shelf; and the setting rays of a bright summer sun fell on the bodies of the widow's sons. They were still warm when she came and stood beside them. She raised her eyes on the stern chief, and his many followers, and slowly and steadily she pronounced her curse.

"Shame, shame on you, M'Alister! You have slain them that "took but their own; you have slain them you had injured! You "have murdered the fatherless, and spoiled the widow—but he that is "righteous shall judge between us, and the curse of God shall cling "to you for this for ever. The sun rose on me, the proud mother of "two handsome boys; he sets on their stiffening bodies!" and she raised her arm, as she spoke, towards the gibbet. Her eye kindled, and her form dilated, as she turned again to her vindictive foe. "I

"suffer now," said she, "but you shall suffer always. You have "made me childless, but you and yours shall be heirless for ever. "Long may their name last, and wide may their lands be; but "never, while the name and the lands continue, shall there be a son "to the house of M'Alister!"

M'Alister More was young then, and newly married: he lived long, and in glory, but he died childless. From that day to the present time, none but collateral heirs have succeeded to the lands of M'Alister.

THE PAINTER'S PROGRESS.—NO. VIII.

There's a rose in Renmure's cap hillie,
There's a rose in Renmure's cap,
He'll steep it red in ruddy heart's bluid
Before the battle drap. JACOBITE SONG.

The curse of the bereaved widow had clung steadily to the house of M'Alister. The lands passed from heir to heir, but no laird had ever been succeeded by a son. Often had the hopes of the clan been raised, often had they thought for years that the punishment of their ancestor's cruelty was to be continued to them no longer—that the spirits of the widow's sons were at length appeased; but M'Alister More was to suffer for ever: the hopes of his house might blossom, but they always faded. It was in the reign of the good Queen Anne that they flourished for the last time; they were blighted then, and for ever.

The laird and the lady had had several daughters born to them in succession, and at last a son: he grew up to manhood in safety—the pride of his people, and the darling of his parents; giving promise of every virtue that could adorn his rank. He had been early contracted in marriage to the daughter of another powerful chieftain in the North, and the alliance, which had been equally courted by both families, was concluded immediately on the return of the young laird from his travels. There was a great intercourse in those days with France—most of the young highland chiefs spent a year or two in that country, many of them were entirely educated there, but that was not the case with the young heir of M'Alister; he had only gone abroad to finish his breeding after coming to man's estate. It was shortly before the first rebellion in the 15, to speak as my informant spoke to me---and being young, and of an ardent nature, he was soon attracted to the court of the old Pretender, whose policy it was to gain every Scotch noble, by every means to his views. The measures he took succeeded with the only son of M'Alister:--- he returned to his native country, eager for the

approaching contest, pledged heart and hand to his exiled sovereign. In the troubles which broke out almost immediately on the death of the queen, he and his father took different sides; the old laird fortified his high tower, and prepared to defend it to the last, against the enemies of the House of Hanover. The young laird bade adieu to his beautiful wife, and attended by a band of his young clansmen easily gained to aid a cause so romantic, he secretly left his Duchess, and joined the army of the Pretender at Perth.

The young wife had lived with her husband, at a small farm on the property, a little way up the glen, a mile or two from the castle. But when her husband deserted her, she was removed by her father-in-law to his own house, for greater security. Months rolled away, and the various fortunes of the rebels were reported, from time to time, in the remote glen where the chief strength of the M'Alisters lay. News did not travel swiftly then, and often they heard what was little to be relied on, so much did hope or fear magnify any slight success, or any ill-fortune. At last, there came a sough of a great battle having been fought somewhere in the west country, which had decided the fate of the opposing parties. The young laird, and his valiant band, had turned the fortune of the day. Argyle was defeated and slain, and the Earl of Marr was victorious—King James had arrived, and was to be crowned at Scone, and all Scotland was his own.

It was on a cold, bleak, stormy, November evening, when this news was brought, by a Brae-Marr-man, to the laird's tower. He was wise and prudent, and he would give no ear to a tale so lightly told: but his beautiful daughter-in-law, sanguine for her husband's sake, cherished reports that brightened all her prospects. She retired to her chamber, almost hoping that another day might see it enlivened by his presence, without whom life to her was a dreary blank. She was lodged in a small apartment, on the third story of the tower, opening strait from a narrow passage at the head of the winding stairs. It had two small windows, which looked on the paved court-yard of the castle; and beyond, to what was then a bare meadow, and the river. The moon gave little light, and she turned from the gloomy prospect to the ample hearth, on which the bright logs were blazing. Her heart was full, and her mind so restless, that after her maidens left her, she continued to pace up and down her little chamber, unwilling to retire to rest. At length, she threw herself upon her bed, exhausted by the eagerness of her feelings, and in the agitation of her ideas, she forgot to say her prayers. Yet she slept, and calmly, but her sleep was short. She awakened suddenly, and starting half up, listened anxiously for some minutes. The wind blew strongly round the old tower, and a thick shower of sleet was driving fast against the casements; but, in the pauses of the storm, she thought she heard distinctly, though at a distance, the tramp of a horse at his speed. She bent forward, and watched the sound. It came nearer—it grew louder—it gallopped over the hard ground, and approached with the swiftness of lightning. She

gasped and trembled—it was he, it must be he, she knew the long firm bound of her husband's charger. Its rapid feet struck loud on the pavement of the court-yard below, and in an instant dropt dead below the great door of the castle. She had neither power to breathe nor to move, but she listened for the call of the porter's name, and the jar of the chains and bolts which secured the door. She heard nothing—she grew bewildered, and tried to rise to call for succour—but a spell was on her to keep her down. At length, from the very bottom of the winding stair, came the sound of a firm foot ascending regularly step by step, without a pause in its motion, the several stories. It rung on the stone passage adjoining her apartment, and stopt with a loud tread at her door. No lock was turned, no hinge was opened, but a rushing wind swept through the room. Her fire had burned away, and she had neither lamp nor taper by her, but as she started up in agony of terror, the heavy logs in her wide chimney fell of themselves, and lighting by the fall, sent forth a blaze into the chamber. Almost frantic with fear, she seized with one hand the curtains of her bed, and darting a look of horror, she saw seated by the hearth a figure in martial array, without a head; it held its arms out towards her, and slowly rose. The scream she tried to utter was suffocated in her throat---she fell motionless; the last sight she saw was an eagle's plume steeped in blood, cast at her feet by the advancing spectre---the last sound she heard was the loud crash of every door in the castle. When her maidens came to her in the morning, she was extended in a swoon upon the floor. She lay for hours cold and insensible, and they thought that she was gone for ever. After many trials she came at last to herself, but she recovered only to hear the true tale of the battle of Sheriff-muir.

The Chevalier de St. George and the Earl of Marr had fled the country; many of their noble adherents had been fortunate enough to secure a retreat with them to France; some had been pardoned; a few had been taken in arms, and these few were executed; amongst them was the young heir of M'Alister.

BALLAD.

Far o'er the wide and restless sea,
  Were seen the castle's towers,
And from its halls peal'd forth the strain,
  Which cheers the midnight hours;
There revel'd lords of high degree,
  And many a lady fair
Shone in the circle brilliantly,
  With pearl, and flower-wreath'd hair.

But where was *she*, whose smiles enhanc'd
The pleasures of the ball;
Whose step was lightest as she danc'd,
Whose bloom surpass'd them all ?
And where was Conrad ?---*he* whose name
Was fam'd on foreign coast.
The wars are past, the breath of fame
Doth of his prowess boast.

The moon-beams tremble in the main,
Where gently Conrad's sail
Is veering shoreward once again,
Urg'd by the rising gale:
And lonely walks fair Emmeline,
Upon the seawash'd sand,
To watch along the glittering brine
Her lover's barque to land.

A change pass'd o'er the moon-lit deep,
No more with beams 'tis bright,
Whilst rough'ning breezes rudely sweep
The waves once deck'd with light;
Alas! the barque, by winds propell'd,
The treacherous sand-bank near'd,
The trembling fair, appall'd, beheld,
And every danger fear'd.

One loud, long shriek, and all was o'er,
Save that some half-drown'd wretch,
With life's last efforts reach the shore,
With toils, and desperate stretch;
But not, alas! among the sav'd
Was *he*, the castle's pride,
Tho' long the whirling waves he brav'd,
With hopes to join his bride.

Another night,---nor song, nor sound,
Broke from the castle's towers,
But deathlike silence reign'd around
It's battlements and bowers;
'Till slow, and sad, the funeral dirge
Upon the night breeze rose,
And prayers were in deep midnight said,
For a young chief's repose.

And oft the midnight hours are spent,
By pilgrims lone in prayer,
Beside young Conrad's monument,
And Emmeline's the fair;
And youthful heroes still delight
To deck a brother's tomb
With gay red roses,—whilst the white
Round Emmeline's doth bloom. E. B.

AN UNPLEASANT SORT OF SADDLE-BAGS.

When the French army, in 1654, were encamped at Mouchy, a curious but unhappy accident befel a troop of the enemy's horse. They were, to the number of one hundred and twenty, going from Douay to the Spanish camp, every one of them, soldiers and officers, having a bag of powder behind him,—and they were further accompanied by eighty horses, loaded with hand grenades. A lieutenant of horse, being in the rear of the regiment, saw one of the troopers with a pipe of tobacco in his mouth; whereupon he rode up to him, and taking it gently from him, threw it away, and began to thrash the fellow with his sword: the soldier, being drunk, pulled out his pistol and aimed at the officer, who threw himself from his horse;—the trooper at the same moment fired, and the ball lighted on the bag behind the lieutenant's horse, which took fire, blew up, and communicated to the bag of the horseman next him, and so went on, from one successively to the other, and spread through the regiment, blowing up man and horse; the grenades also catching, completed the destruction of the troop; none but the lieutenant escaped, who owed his fortune to being on the ground. It was he that related this accident to the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) This Prince was in the French camp at the time, had seen the flash at a distance, and conversed with some of the dying survivors, brought in by parties sent to discern the cause of the firing, but none of them could give any account of it.

SHERIDAN AND DEAR TIMES.

After the union with Ireland, when the Irish Members had taken their seats, one of them, in the heat of his maiden speech, blustered out, "Now, *dare* Mr. Speaker," which, of course, set the House in an immoderate roar of laughter. When the tumult had subsided, Sheridan observed, "that the honorable gentleman was perfectly in "order, since, thanks to the Ministry, every thing at that time was "immoderately *dear*."

SENATORIAL REMINISCENCES.——NO. III.

MR. FOX.

It is now almost to the very hour twenty-one years since I took leave of Charles James Fox at Chiswick---never more to see him on this side of the grave; and notwithstanding the length of the period that has elapsed, the indescribable pathos of the whole scene is as fresh to my recollection as at the moment of parting:---the ever benign, ever placid, ever transparent, resigned countenance, which illness and pain could not darken nor sour for a moment---the heart-born press of the hand---the tone of voice---the melancholy, and, as I felt at the moment, somewhat ominous look of farewell, can never be forgotten. Mrs. Fox---the most amiable of women, the most devoted of wives---Lord Fitzwilliam, General Fitzpatrick, and a Mr. Trotter, were in the room when I entered; and their countenances of hope and joy indicated that some apparent change for the better had recently taken place in Mr. Fox's appearance. I had not seen my illustrious friend for some months, having a short time before lost all that endeared life to me---an angel whose virtues were by none more appreciated than her kind friends of St. Ann's Hill. I was shocked at his appearance, and endeavoured to ask him "how he did:" he silently gave me his hand, glanced expressively at my mourning attire, and burst into tears.

I have twice since I wrote the above sentence attempted in vain to continue my recollections of Mr. Fox. He is indescribable: the feelings he created were too deep and personal to be conveyed by the ordinary forms of speech; and as Mr. Whitbread justly observed, it would take another Mr. Fox to describe the one we have lost. Edmund Burke has perhaps said all that can be said of him as a man---"*Mr. Fox was a man born to be loved.*" Yes: Charles Fox was born to be loved and admired, and never to be forgotten,---he was so much all heart, all intellect, all benevolence, all justice, and, like his speeches, all meekness, all vehemence, all simplicity, all majesty, all nature, and inimitable. Who could properly describe such a man? What arrangement of words---that I could form, could impart any notion of the *charm*---I know not what else to call it---of his deportment among his friends at St. Ann's Hill, and among his allies and adversaries in the House of Commons? As yet, no authentic life of him has been given ---of the man whose public career for thirty-two years is identified with the history of his country in its most trying and important moments---of the most uncorrupt statesman and persuasive orator of modern times; of the man who never opened his mouth in private but to conciliate, to please, and to make happy---in public, but to assert in some form or other the cause of liberty and mankind, to repel tyranny in its various shapes, to promote the march of intelligence and toleration, and social order and good government, and protest and resist against the encroachments of illegal power; of the man, too, who was the best, the purest, and the most honorable representative of the English character. Whence this ungrateful silence? Is it the difficulty of the task? And yet no piece of

biography could do justice to his matchless character. To at all conceive, not to say appreciate, him, he must have been seen and known; if in private, it was to be beloved---if in public, to be almost worshipped. Never yet was there such a combination of excellencies---such a union of the most endearing virtues of social life with the highest endowments of the statesman. Had Mr. Fox never departed from the retirement (so congenial with his nature, so much panted after by him) of private life, he would have been the idol of his friends; had his merits been confined to the Senate, he would have been the idol of the nation. This, I admit, is the language of panegyric and enthusiasm; it is impossible, having known and seen Mr. Fox, to feel or speak otherwise---he was so simple, so unassuming, so unartificial, so kind, and unfeignedly urbane, so sweet tempered, so confiding, so single hearted, so dignified, so playful, so high-minded, so regardless of self, so transparent, in fact, so godlike in heart and intellect!

Though I had met and been introduced so far back as 1776 in Paris to Mr. Fox, my *bona fidé* acquaintance with him began at the celebrated Westminster Election of 1784. I was a zealous partizan of his; and had the honor of attending the most beautiful and amiable, and indeed accomplished sisters, the Duchess of Devonshire and the then Lady Duncannon, on their canvass for him—a canvass to which I can testify he was more indebted for success, than the ungallant Mechanic-Institute---Population-theory, men of modern times could easily give credit to. Many severe censures were written by the adversaries of these noble-minded and patriotic women; which, when not too coarse, we used to quote to them, to their no slight pleasure and amusement. But they were not spoiled by *modern refinement*—they were neither Saints nor Blues. Every house we entered, received us with the then well known—

> "Array'd in matchless beauty, Devon's fair,
> In Fox's favor takes a zealous part:
> But, oh! where'er the pilferer comes beware,
> She supplicates a vote, and steals a heart."

On the eighth day of the election, the eccentric Colonel Hanger drove Mr. Fox to the hustings, Colonel North and myself acting as his footmen. We were surrounded by a mob of Sir Cecil Wray's friends; and, but for our determined resistance, with drawn swords, I might have been spared the trouble of now mentioning the circumstance. Never was witnessed such a glorious contest---such fighting—such breaking of heads and windows---such enthusiastic zeal on both sides---such praiseworthy manifestations of party hostility. For years after, there existed a coolness between friends that took opposite sides. My con-footman, Colonel North, lost the Comptrollership of the Queen's Household, her Majesty, on dismissing him from office, telling him that she did not covet "another *man's* servant;" my brother George was removed from the Victualling Office, and I became subsequently one of *Fox's Martyrs*. But these were glorious times; no trimming—no *mutual concession*---no "*moderate*" humbug;

the *black flag* was hoisted, and death or victory was the word. I changed such of my tradesmen as did not vote on the side of Fox and liberty; and patronized those that did. Such was the order of the day; and such should ever be the course in a free country like this. But matters are differently managed now; tailors and shoemakers are become committee men now, and presume to know what is done in the Capitol. I see clearly how the matter will end---there will be no dictating aristocracy but that of wealth; and the House of Commons will become a kill-time club of merchants and "retired" shopmen. "Perish trade---live the Constitution," pray I, in the heart-stirring words of the patriotic Windham.

The kindness of Mr. Fox's nature was really more than mortal; his only pleasure seemed to be derived from seeing and making others happy;---his only uneasiness, from the appearance of unhappiness in others. I shall never forget an indirect reproof that he gave Dr. Parr for his stern discipline of youth. The Doctor (who by the way was indebted to me for his acquaintance with Mr. Fox), Mr. Fox, and the "Reminiscent," as my old friend Charles Butler says, took shelter in a cottage one day that we were walking near---Mr. Coke's hospitable mansion---and were overtaken by a heavy April shower of rain. Two little boys were engaged in play as we entered; they ceased on our entering; Mr. Fox importuned them to resume their amusement; Dr. Parr frowned, and the urchins were scared. Mr. Fox insisted on our leaving the cottage immediately, in order that the children might be uninterrupted in their pastime: Dr. Parr demurred, and quoted Seneca and Aristotle; Mr. Fox, with great feeling and emphasis, replied, "Doctor, do you forget the lines I not long since quoted you from our favorite Ovid? I shall cite them again.

> *"Et puer es, nec te quicquam nisi ludere oportet,*
> *Lude; decent annos mollia regna tuosque."*

Parr stood rebuked, though not softened nor convinced. Talking of Dr. Parr, it must not be supposed that he was a frequent visitor at St. Ann's Hill; in fact, he was never there but twice in his life---once with, and once without, an invitation. Mrs. Fox could not bear him; she detested his brutal smoking---his gross, selfish feeding; and with the quick tact of a *woman*, she discovered and resented his disguised contempt for the female intellect. On that account, the Doctor was not one of the privileged visitors to St. Ann's Hill, though Mr. Fox justly admired his classical learning and liberal principles. I dont think Parr was a great Greek scholar (I mean in comparison with Porson and Wakefield); at all events, I am convinced he was not an elegant one. I have listened in silence to him and Mr. Fox for hours; and though it was evident the Doctor was the more *extensive* reader, I think it was equally evident that Mr. Fox was the more *tasteful*, and I will add, the more accurate one. They both had prodigious memories; and both had recently directed their attention to the subjects of conversation, namely, Porson's

final theory as illustrated in his Euripides, and Gilbert Wakefield's* Æolic digamma system, and Ὅμηρος theory. Mr. Fox was versus Porson---the Doctor versus Wakefield; and though a drawn battle, it appeared to me and two others (judges) that Bellendenus came off but *second* best. Parr was never a favorite of mine; he was too arrogant, too pedantic, too selfish, and wore too big and pedagoguish a wig for my taste. He aped Johnson's defects much more than he equalled his perfections; and possessed less of Warburton's genius and learning, than of his arrogance and ruffianism. I never will be persuaded that his toleration were not more the effect of (what he himself I think justly accused Paley of) ill-disguised infidelity, than the fruit of philosophy, or natural liberal-mindedness. He was for ever sounding Mr. Fox upon the doctrine of Christianity---(a subject which Mr. Fox studiously avoided) more, I think, to have his own doubts removed or confirmed, than from a regard to the *non*-orthodoxy of his illustrious acquaintance. Mr. Fox's admiration of the personal character of the Redeemer, was ever expressed in enthusiastic eloquence; so was Dr. Parr's;---in both cases, to my mind, in tone much more *human* than a pious Trinitarian could approve of, or than a *beneficed* parson, sincere in his belief, could permit. I do not much admire Dr. Parr's characters of Mr. Fox---they are too labored, too pedantic, too cold, and, after all, too imperfect. He, besides, is not always correct in his account of Mr. Fox's opinions and predilections. For instance, he says (p. 18), "I ought particularly to notice, that in "Euripides and *Aristophanes* he (Mr. Fox) found the rich treasures "of that political wisdom which, in common with other enquirers, he "sometimes drew from other sources," &c. Now Mr. Fox told me at Mr. Coke's, in 1804, that he *never read* Aristophanes; and I have a letter from him, dated 17th December, 1805, in which he regrets his not having been able to fulfil his promise to me that he would. Again Parr speaks of Mr. Fox's admiration of Milton and Shakspeare---though I have heard Mr. Fox avow in the presence of Mr. Baron Garrow†, at Denis O'Bryen's in Craven Street, to Dr. Parr himself, that he did not like *blank verse* at all, and that he

* I have seen yesterday (16th August) an error in an excellent analysis of Dr. Parr's Catalogue in the *Times* newspaper. The writer says that a work, Wakefield's *Noctes Carceriæ*, to which Parr alludes, was never published. This is an error: the work was published. I have a copy of it in my hand when writing, and I have seen it elsewhere. I will take this opportunity of recommending a perusal of the Correspondence between Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Fox. If I mistake not, they are, for interest and instruction, and ease of style, the best letters in the language.

† This was at dinner. Mr. Fox at St. Ann's Hill was, for the last years of his life, in the habit (never interfered with by his friends) of dosing for a few minutes after dinner; and it was on this occasion, unconsciously yielding to the influence of custom, I perceived that Mr. Garrow, who was the chief talker (Parr was in his smoking orgasm), began to feel embarrassed at Mr. Fox's non-attention; and I, therefore, made signs to Mr. Fox, by wiping my fingers to my eyes, and looking expressively at Garrow. Mr. Fox, the most *truly* polite man in the world, immediately endeavoured to rouse himself—but in vain: Nature would have her way. Garrow soon saw the struggle, and adroitly feigned sleep himself. Mr. Fox was regenerated in ten minutes—apologized—and made the evening delightful.

preferred Chaucer and Spencer to Milton---as far as poetry was concerned; and Cowper's *Task* as far as versification was in question; and that he derived more pleasure from Euripides and Racine, than from Shakspeare. The reader need not be informed of Mr. Fox's *Merry Nightingale* hypothesis; it is curious in the history of the meaning of words, and often served Lord Holland and me with merry conversation at St. Ann's Hill. Mr. Fox died in his belief: it was his hobby---a merry one, in Chaucer's sense of the word, as well as in the modern. Would that every statesman rode an equally innocent one. Neither is Dr. Parr's version of Mr. Fox's theory of the French Revolution, in either of the principles upon which he opposed Mr. Pitt's Anti-Gallican War---altogether correct. What the Doctor assigns as *the* cause of the Revolution, was but *a* secondary one in Mr. Fox's mind. Mr. Fox knew too well that reaction is equal to action---that effects are proportional to their causes in the moral as well as the physical word, and that therefore the *despotic nature of the French Government* (Parr's cause) was not in itself sufficient to occasion a Revolution, that has shaken the civilized world from its foundation, and left behind it marks which ages will scarcely efface. Mr. Fox knew that when a great *nation* acts simultaneously, it must be in consequence of an impulse communicated to the whole, and felt by all,---not in consequence of a force applied to a part, and felt but by a few. Mr. Fox knew that a Revolution was necessary and inevitable; and therefore opposed all attempts to exterminate it as impotent and mischievous, and as only likely to generate a military force and military habits much more detrimental to public happiness and natural prosperity.

Another error of Dr. Parr's (and I have done with him) is that in making mention of Mr. Fox's passion for poetry; he does not speak of Mr. Fox's favorite authors in the order of his estimation. In early life, Homer and Ovid were his favorites; latterly his affections seem to have been absorbed by Virgil and Euripides: Spencer he preferred to Milton, Dryden to Pope; indeed Dryden was one of his *passions* (as he himself called his favorites), to such a degree, indeed, that he meditated and collected materials for an edition of his works. He was fond of *talking* about Ariosto and the Italian poets; but, in my mind, not half so fond of *reading* them. He was, comparatively speaking, insensible to the beauties and sublimities of the immortal bard of Avon! his taste appearing to have been perverted by the French dramatists whom he read previously. I cant account for the fact otherwise.

It is not fair to pronounce a decided opinion on the historical *Fragment*. The introductory chapter, the only part finished, is, in my mind, as far above the censure of one party, as it falls short of the expectations of some of his own sanguine admirers. In truth, I gave an opinion to General Fitzpatrick, and Lord Robert Spencer, nearly thirty years ago, when it was first known to Mr. Fox's friends that he meditated some philosophical essay on *whiggism*, (for such only his work would have been, had he realized his own wishes) that the bent of his genius was not toward historical composition. "He

"would have been a Porson," said I, "in philological criticism, had "he applied himself to it; therefore let him edit Dryden, or some "other poet, who will also keep in action, and give employment to "those error-detecting powers which, however essential to an his-"torian, are not his sole or chief qualification:" I particularly mentioned Dryden, as he lived in times of great interest to those who, like Mr. Fox, were fond of minute points of historical inquiry. The truth is, in the first place Mr. Fox's habit of *extempore* public speaking was incompatible with the style of history, uncorrected as that habit was by practice in written composition; in the next place, Mr. Fox mistook entirely the right *end* and *means* of the labors of the historian, as his nephew confesses in his very interesting preface (to which I refer the reader) to the Fragment; and, in the last place, what I lay most stress on, Mr. Fox's intellect, great as it was, was more of a recollective and quickly discerning, than a contemplative and reason-weighing character; it had more of surface than depth, and required, in order to be brought into action, a kind of local, temporary, viva voce, personal interest in the occasion, which the dethronement of James II. could not be expected to impart. The work, however, imperfect as it is, bears honorable testimony to the ever active benevolence of his heart, and to the consistency and constitutionalness of those principles which guided his conduct in public life.

His eloquence sprang from his character: it was, therefore, unartificial, manly, and heart-felt; and came forth immediately from the forming hand of nature, free from the puerilities, as well as discipline, of rhetoric. Its great charm was its transparent sincerity, its characteristic excellence, the intuitive analysis with which he separated and laid hold of the several elements of his adversary's statement, and the impetuous vehemence with which he enforced his own opinions; its characteristic defect, the want of lucid arrangement; and, if I may so speak, apparent homogeneousness. In fact, Mr. Fox never prepared a single speech that he uttered, nor corrected a single report, but that of his eulogium on the Duke of Bedford. I have known him to spend the morning in the perusal of some poet, or rooting in his garden; and yet, in the evening, make a three or four hours speech on the state, general and detail, of the nation:—the *veræ voces ab imo pectore*, he used to say, was the whole secret of oratory; for he that feels strongly and earnestly, must speak well and forcibly. His voice was subject to the same suspension as Lord Holland's; both ran themselves out of breath, and had the same high-key screech and hesitation in the beginning of their speeches. "I'm *spavin'd* "in the wind-pipe," Mr. Fox used humorously to remark; "I shall "do no good till I get *warm*." When he commenced his speech, he was negligent; a common observer would have pronounced him awkward, and even a consummate judge could only have been struck with the exquisite justness of his ideas, and the transparent simplicity of his manners. But no sooner had he spoken for some time, than he was changed into another being: he forgot himself, and every

thing around him, and thought only of his subject. *Vires acquirit eundo* was then personified in him. His energy and strength grew with his ardor, while his genius warmed, and kindled, and blazed, as he went on, and darted fire into his auditors. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and convictions. But what use in this description? Who, that ever heard him, can forget him? Who, that never heard him, can appreciate him? Who can describe the moral charm, the invisible rays of his character and genius?

I will give no extracts from Mr. Fox's speeches, they do not well admit of extract; for, though abounding in flashes of genius, and patriotism, and English feeling, there are no little settings of pointed antitheses, no little oazes—spots of greenery, in a great desart of words; no polished school-boy metaphor, made for *quotation*, and swallowed as the taste of the quality of the whole, and of true oratory, by the modern thumbers of newspapers, upon whom pure eloquence would be thrown away; and who are happily catered for by mannikins, who, in my time, would not dare to say even "Hear, hear," in an audible voice. Mr. Fox's speeches should be read through and through, and over and over. They are mines of wealth, are epitomes of constitutional knowledge, of patriotism, of eloquence, and of sound moral and political feeling. I give his character of the Duke of Bedford, because he corrected it himself (it, in fact, is printed from his own MS.), because its consiseness admits of giving it whole, and because, changing the name, it is admirably descriptive of his own virtues.

"If the sad event which has recently occurred, were only a private misfortune, however heavy, I should feel the impropriety of obtruding upon the House the feelings of private friendship, and would have sought some other opportunity of expressing those sentiments of gratitude and affection, which must be ever due from me to the memory of the excellent person, whose loss gives occasion to the sort of motion of course which I am about to make to the House. It is because I consider the death of the Duke of Bedford as a great public calamity, because the public itself seems to consider it; because, not in this town only, but in every part of the kingdom, the impression made by it seems to be the strongest, and most universal, that ever appeared upon the loss of a subject; it is for these reasons that I presume to hope for the indulgence of the House, if I deviate, in some degree, from the common course, and introduce my motion in a manner which I must confess to be unusual on similar occasions.

"At the same time I trust, sir, that I shall not be suspected of any intention to abuse the indulgence which I ask, by dwelling, with the fondness of friendship, upon the various excellencies of the character to which I have alluded, much less by entering into a history of the several events of his life which might serve to illustrate it. There was something in that character so peculiar and striking, and the just admiration which his virtues commanded was such, that to expatiate upon them in any detail is as unnecessary as, upon this occasion, it would be improper. That he has been much lamented and generally, cannot be wondered at, for surely there never was a more just occasion of public sorrow. To lose such a man!—at such a time!—so unexpectedly!—The particular stage of his life too in which we lost him, must add to every feeling of regret, and make the disappointment more severe and poignant to all unthinking minds. Had he fallen at an earlier period, the public, to whom he could then (comparatively speaking at least) be but little known, would rather have compassionated and condoled with the feelings of his friends and relations, than have been themselves very severely afflicted by the loss. It would have been suggested, and even we who were the most partial must have admitted, that the expectations raised by the dawn, are not always realized in the

meridian of life. If the fatal event had been postponed, the calamity might have been alleviated by the consideration, that mankind could not have looked forward for any length of time to the exercises of his virtues and talents. But he was snatched away at a moment when society might have been expected to be long benefitted by his benevolence, his energy, and his wisdom; when we had obtained a full certainty that the progress of his life would be more than answerable to the brightest hopes conceived from its outset; and when it might have been reasonably hoped, that, after having accomplished all the good of which it was capable, he would have descended not immaturely into the tomb. He had, on the one hand, lived long enough to have his character fully confirmed and established, while, on the other, what remained of life seemed, according to all human expectations, to afford ample space and scope for the exercise of the virtues of which that character was composed. The tree was old enough to enable us to ascertain the quality of the fruit which it would bear, and, at the same time, young enough to promise many years of produce.

"The high rank and splendid fortune of the great man of whom I am speaking, though not circumstances which in themselves either can or ought to conciliate the regard and esteem of rational minds, are yet in so far considerable as an elevated situation, by making him who is so placed in it more powerful and conspicuous, causes his virtues or vices to be more useful or injurious to society. In this case, the rank and wealth of the person are to be attended to in another and a very different point of view. To appreciate his merits justly, we must consider not only the advantages, but the disadvantages, connected with such circumstances. The dangers attending prosperity in general, and high situations in particular, the corrupting influence of flattery, to which men in such situations are more particularly exposed, have been the theme of moralists in all ages, and in all nations; but how are these dangers increased with respect to him who succeeds in his childhood to the first rank and fortune in a kingdom, such as this, and who, having lost his parents, is never approached by any being who is not represented to him as in some degree his inferior! Unless blessed with a heart uncommonly susceptible, and disposed to virtue, how should he, who had scarce ever seen an equal, have a common feeling and a just sympathy for the rest of mankind, who seem to have been formed rather *for* him, and as instruments of his gratification, than together *with* him for the general purposes of nature? Justly has the Roman satirist remarked,

'Rarus enim fermè sensus communis in illâ
Fortunâ.'——

This was precisely the case of the Duke of Bedford, nor do I know that his education was perfectly exempt from the defects usually belonging to such situations; but virtue found her own way, and on the very side where the danger was the greatest, was her triumph most complete. From the blame of selfishness, no man was ever so eminently free. No man put his own gratification so low, that of others so high, in his estimation. To contribute to the welfare of his fellow citizens, was the constant pursuit of his life, by his example and his beneficence to render them better, wiser, and happier. He truly loved the public; but not only the public, according to the usual acceptation of the word; not merely the body corporate, (if I may so express myself) which bears that name, but Man in his individual capacity; all who came within his notice and deserved his protection, were objects of his generous concern. From his station, the sphere of his acquaintance was larger than that of most other men; yet in this extended circle, few, very few, could be counted to whom he had not found some occasion to be serviceable. To be useful, whether to the public at large, whether to his relations and nearer friends, or even to any individual of his species, was the ruling passion of his life.

"He died, it is true, in a state of celibacy; but if they may be called a man's children whose concerns are as dear to him as his own—to protect whom from evil is the daily object of his care—to promote whose welfare he exerts every faculty of which he is possessed; if such, I say, are to be esteemed our children, no man had ever a more numerous family than the Duke of Bedford.

"Private friendships are not, I own, a fit topic for this House, or any public assembly; but it is difficult for any one who had the honor and happiness to be his friend, not to advert (when speaking of such a man) to his conduct and behaviour in that interesting character. In his friendship, not only was he disinterested and sincere, but in him were to be found united all the characteristic excellencies which have ever distinguished the men most renowned for that most amiable of all virtues. Some are

warm, but volatile and inconstant; he was warm too, but steady and unchangeable. Never once was he known to violate any of the duties of that sacred relation. Where his attachment was placed, there it remained, or rather there it grew; for it may be more truly said of this man than of any other that ever existed, that if he loved you at the beginning of the year, and you did nothing to forfeit his esteem, he would love you still more at the end of it. Such was the uniformly progressive state of his affections, no less than of his virtue and wisdom.

"It has happened to many, and he was certainly one of the number, to grow wiser as they advanced in years. Some have even improved in virtue; but it has generally been in that class of virtues only which consists in resisting the allurements of vice; and too often have these advantages been counterbalanced by the loss, or at least the diminution, of that openness of heart, that warmth of feeling, that readiness of sympathy, that generosity of spirit, which have been reckoned among the characteristic attributes of youth. In his case it was far otherwise: endued by nature with an unexampled firmness of character, he could bring his mind to a more complete state of discipline than any man I ever knew. But he had, at the same time, such a comprehensive and just view of all moral questions, that he well knew to distinguish between those inclinations which, if indulged, must be pernicious, and the feelings which, if cultivated, might prove beneficial to mankind. All bad propensities, therefore, if any such he had, he completely conquered and suppressed; while, on the other hand, no man ever studied the trade by which he was to get his bread---the profession by which he hoped to rise to wealth and honor---nor even the higher arts of poetry or eloquence, in pursuit of a fancied immortality, with more zeal and ardour than this excellent person cultivated the noble art of doing good to his fellow creatures. In this pursuit, above all others, diligence is sure of success, and accordingly it would be difficult to find an example of any other man to whom so many individuals are indebted for happiness or comfort, or to whom the public at large owe more essential obligation.

"So far was he from slackening or growing cold in these generous pursuits, that the only danger was, lest, notwithstanding his admirable good sense, and that remarkable soberness of character which distinguished him, his munificence might, if he had lived, have engaged him in expences to which even his princely fortune would have been found inadequate. Thus, the only circumstance like a failing in this great character was, that, while indulging his darling passion for making himself useful to others, he might be too regardless of future consequences to himself and to his family. The love of utility was indeed his darling, his ruling passion. Even in his recreations, (and he was by no means naturally averse to such as were suitable to his station in life) no less than in his graver hours, he so much loved to keep this grand object in view, that he seemed, by degrees, to grow weary of every amusement which was not in some degree connected with it. Agriculture he judged rightly to be the most useful of all sciences, and, more particularly in the present state of affairs, he conceived it to be the department in which his services to his country might be most beneficial. To agriculture, therefore, he principally applied himself; nor can it be doubted, but, with his great capacity, activity, and energy, he must have attained his object, and made himself eminently useful in that most important branch of political economy. Of the particular degree of his merit in this respect, how much the public is already indebted to him---how much benefit it may still expect to derive from the effects of his unwearied diligence and splendid example, many members of this House can form a much more accurate judgment than I can pretend to. But of his motive to these exertions I am competent to judge, and can affirm, without a doubt, that it was the same which actuated him throughout---an ardent desire to employ his faculties in the way, whatever it might be, in which he could most contribute to the good of his country, and the general interests of mankind.

"With regard to his politics, I feel a great unwillingness to be wholly silent on the subject; and at the same time much difficulty in treating it with propriety, when I consider to whom I am addressing myself. I am sensible that those principles upon which, in any other place, I should not hesitate to pronounce an unqualified eulogium, may be thought by some, perhaps by the majority of this House, rather to stand in need of apology and exculpation, than to form a proper subject for panegyric. But, even in this view, I may be allowed to offer a few words in favor of my departed friend. I believe few, if any of us, are so infatuated with the extreme notions of philosophy, as not to feel a partial veneration for the principles, some leaning even to the prejudices of the ancestors, especially if they were of any note, from whom we are respectively descended. Such

biasses are always, as I suspect, favorable to the cause of patriotism and public virtue. I am sure, at least, that in Athens and Rome they were so considered. No man had ever less of family pride, in the bad sense, than the Duke of Bedford; but he had a great and just respect for his ancestors. Now if, upon the principle to which I have alluded, it was in Rome thought excusable in one of the Claudii to have, in conformity with the general manners of their race, something too much of an aristocratical pride and haughtiness, surely in this country it is not unpardonable in a Russell to be zealously attached to the rights of the subject, and peculiarly tenacious of the popular parts of the constitution. It is excusable, at least, in one who numbers among his ancestors the great Earl of Bedford, the patron of Pym, and the friend of Hampden, to be an enthusiastic lover of liberty; nor is it to be wondered at if a descendant of Lord Russell should feel more than common horror for arbitrary power, and a quick, perhaps even a jealous discernment of any approach or tendency in the system of government to that dreaded evil. But whatever may be our differences in regard to principles, I trust there is no member of this House who is not liberal enough to do justice to upright conduct, even in a political adversary. Whatever, therefore, may be thought of those principles to which I have alluded, the political conduct of my much lamented friend must be allowed by all to have been manly, consistent, and sincere.

"It now remains for me to touch upon the last melancholy scene in which this excellent man was to be exhibited; and to all those who admire his character, let it be some consolation that his death was in every respect conformable to his life. I have already noticed, that prosperity could not corrupt him. He had now to undergo a trial of an opposite nature. But in every instance he was alike true to his character; and in moments of extreme bodily pain and approaching dissolution, when it might be expected that a man's every feeling would be concentrated in his personal sufferings---his every thought occupied by the awful event impending---even in these moments, he put by all selfish considerations; kindness to his friends, was the sentiment still uppermost in his mind; and he employed himself, to the last hour of his life, in making the most considerate arrangements for the happiness and comfort of those who were to survive him. While in the enjoyment of prosperity, he had learned and practised all those milder virtues which adversity alone is supposed capable of teaching; and, in the hour of pain and approaching death, he had that calmness and serenity which are thought to belong exclusively to health of body, and a mind at ease.

"If I have taken an unusual, and possibly an irregular course upon this extraordinary occasion, I am confident the House will pardon me. They will forgive something, no doubt, to the warmth of private friendship---to sentiments of gratitude, which I must feel, and whenever I have an opportunity, must express to the latest hour of my life. But the consideration of public utility, to which I have so much adverted as the ruling principle in the mind of my friend, will weigh far more with them. They will in their wisdom acknowledge, that to celebrate and perpetuate the memory of great and meritorious individuals, is in effect an essential service to the community. It was not, therefore, for the purpose of performing the pious office of friendship, by fondly strewing flowers upon his tomb, that I have drawn your attention to the character of the Duke of Bedford: the motive that actuates me, is one more suitable to what were his views. It is, that this great character may be strongly impressed upon the minds of all who hear me---that they may see it---that they may feel it---that they may discourse of it in their domestic circles---that they may speak of it to their children, and hold it up to the imitation of posterity. If he could now be sensible to what passes here below---sure I am, that nothing could give him so much satisfaction as to find that we are endeavouring to make his memory an example, as he took care his life should be---useful to mankind.

"I will conclude, with applying to the present occasion, a beautiful passage from the speech of a very young orator*. It may be thought, perhaps, to savour too much of the sanguine views of youth, to stand the test of a rigid philosophical inquiry; but it is at least cheering and consolatory, and that in this instance it may be exemplified, is, I am confident, the sincere wish of every man who hears me. 'Crime,' says he, 'is a

* Essay on the Progressive Improvements of Mankind; an oration delivered in the chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge, December 17, 1798, by the Honorable William Lamb.

'curse only to the period in which it is successful; but virtue, whether fortunate or 'otherwise, blesses not only its own age, but remotest posterity, and is as beneficial by 'its example, as by its immediate effects.' "

The most accurately reported of his speeches is that on the Westminster Scrutiny, and those on the motion for a *Peace with France*. They were reported from the notes of R. Seymour, Mr. O'Bryen, Mr. Adair, and the "Reminiscent," and approved of by Mr. Fox, who declared he could not add to, or take from, them.

I intended to have spoken of his rupture with Mr. Burke, but have thought it better to let that, and other transactions of his life, stand over to my "recollections" of Mr. Burke himself, which shall appear in the next number of The Inspector.

SONG.

To-morrow!—when the moon's pale light
Shall play upon the fountain:
To-morrow!—when the shade of night
Shall veil the distant mountain;—
I'll meet thee in the silent dell,
Where flows the peaceful river;
There breathe the theme we love so well;
There seal our vows for ever.

To-morrow!—when the nightingale
Shall sing her vesper blessing;
To-morrow!—when the blossom'd vale
The timid glow-worm's pressing;—
I'll seek thee by the river's side;
Yes: by that peaceful river
Where thou hast vow'd with maiden pride
To love, and love for ever.

To-morrow! ('tis an age till then)
In all thy charms I'll meet thee;
To-morrow! in the tranquil glen
With fond affection greet thee.
Thy melting kisses shall impart
A lave to leave thee never;
When I shall press thee to my heart,
Where flows the peaceful river. C.

THE REPLY.

Forget thee! teach the tender dove
To leave its wedded mate!
He sooner shall forget to love,
He sooner learn to hate:
Forget thee! bid yon silv'ry moon
To quit her cloudless sky,
And I could learn to leave as soon
The beams of Ada's eye.

Forget thee! what—forget the past,
That past esteemed so dear!
Ah! no, while memory shall last,
That past is present here!
Forget thee! bid me yield my breath,
Bid sorrow sear me yet,
Bid me to brave a lingering death,
But bid me not forget.

My blissful hours with thee have flown
As swift as wing'd with joy,
My love but with my years has grown,
Nor can it Time destroy;
Forget thee!—turn away those eyes
On which my joys I set,
Suppress those tender, gentle, sighs,
Still—I may not forget.

Look cold, and chide, and lecture still,
All, all too vain will prove,
'Twould baffle e'en an angel's skill
To turn my thoughts from love;
If thou shalt find a warmer heart,
And all the past regret,
The tear of anguish, love may start,
But I can ne'er forget. C.

PORSON.

The late Professor having once exasperated a disputant by the dryness of his sarcasm, the petulant opponent thus addressed him—"Mr. Porson, I beg leave to tell you, Sir, that my opinion of you is "perfectly contemptible." Porson replied, "I never knew an opinion "of yours, Sir, which was not contemptible."

THE HAUGHS OF ESKERDALE.

A TALE.

Not quite a half day's journey from one of the principal trading towns in Scotland, there lies close upon the entrance to the Highlands a little valley. The mountain which encloses its sequestered beauties are green and wooded; flocks, herds, and straggling wild deer feed in its shady glades, and many a covey of wandering grouse finds shelter in its deep recesses. A small but clear river breaks its way through the rocky passage at the head of the glen, where the space between hill and hill is hardly more than sufficient for its fury; but as the valley widens, the little stream abates its rage, and flowing calmly through the rich meadows below, it mingles in silence with the waters of the Clyde. A branch of the great family of Murray had been from some accident seated centuries ago in this little valley, and on their small estate, a respectable elderly tenant rented a very moderate farm; he had a numerous family, and, as was common with his class and country, not much to give them. Sons and daughters were all from their earliest years accustomed to all kinds of work; no weather, no season, exempted them from their daily toil; the reward of their labors was a year's schooling at the parish school a mile or two down the valley, when their services could be spared at home.

The eldest of the father's family was a stout, active, fresh-colored, rather handsome boy, now about nineteen. He was quick at his learning, and so attentive to the business of the farm, that his character was growing into high repute among his neighbours. It happened at Martinmas, that his father being confined by the consequences of a fever he had caught during the harvest, William M'Adam was sent with the year's rent to their landlord. It was the first time he had ever really entered the Laird's house; no message of former days had carried him further than the kitchen. He had never even fancied such magnificence as it exhibited: endless passages---carpetted lobbies—doors without number—and the array of servants, struck him with an awe no effort of magnanimity could weaken; and though he outwardly repressed all sign of extraordinary emotion, he could hardly either see or hear when he found himself face to face with the Laird in his library.

The Laird was not a very polished man; but he was kind in his manner, easy to speak to and to deal with, and always in need of money. While necessaries alone formed the wants of life, the Lairds of the Haughs of Eskerdale had filled that rank among the landed proprietors of the county, their ancient birth entitled them to claim; but as the luxuries of later days forced their way into the retreats of simplicity, the small possessions of the lesser landholder afforded but scanty means of supply for the growing extravagancies; and when the produce of his farm ceased to be sufficient for his maintenance, he had either to embrace a profession whose profits could replace him in the station of his forefathers, or sink by slow degrees to a level with his former dependants. The Laird of the Eskerdale Haughs

had as yet weathered the changes of fortune; but the whisper was spreading among his people, that his many journeys, his calls for rent, an occasional uneasiness in his manner towards his servants and family, betokened some lack of prosperity; but it was only a whisper, and quiet people gave little heed to it.

William M'Adam's father had never been backward with his payments; his son was, therefore, cordially received by their landlord. It was not just a five minutes' audience, a mere matter of business; there were enquiries after either household to be made on both sides, and regular answers to each expected question; then the landlord had jokes, and the tenant repartees, and the crops, the weather, and the markets followed. William acquitted himself so well in the conversation, that the Laird took a fancy to him; and as he shewed him back along the passages, and taught him how to thread their intricacies, he resolved within himself that at the first opportunity omething should be done for M'Adam's son.

s This opportunity was not long wanting. The whisper of the Laird's embarrassment had reached beyond his little valley; and a friend—for his kind-hearted hospitality had gained him many—proposed to him to send his only son to a counting-house in the great town near him. The Laird was alone when he received the letter, and he remained alone for some time after reading it; he obliged himself to wait until he could answer it, and coolly, civilly, nay, kindly, he refused the well-meant offer:---but never had his pride of birth been so deeply wounded. In a little while he wrote to ask this situation for his servant's son---he asked and obtained it. It was not the first favor by many that the Laird had done his people, but, alas! it was the last. The report of his increasing difficulties strengthened ---distress augmented---the style of the family began to alter---the lady grew pale and anxious---the only grown-up daughter became a shadow---the son, who had entered the army, was arrested in his quarters for debt---and more than one execution had alarmed the quiet of the lovely valley. One only gleam of comfort was granted to the unfortunate lady---her husband died Laird of Eskerdale.

His whole effects were instantly seized by his numerous creditors; and as the estate was unentailed, it was set up for sale immediately. No provision had been made for wife or younger children, saving a trifling annuity which had been settled on the unhappy lady at her marriage. She had never been a woman of strong understanding; she was amiable and gentle, and had borne without a murmur the increasing privations of her later years. Her husband had not fully confided in her, perhaps out of a mistaken kindness; and the sudden destitution she found herself and her children reduced to, overcame her completely. Her son was in no condition to assist her---her two younger girls were children---her eldest daughter alone had the resolution to act for her family.

Margaret Murray was at this time two-and-twenty. Her natural disposition was quick and lively---her turn of mind gay even to thoughtlessness---her wit ready---and her temper even. But adversity had tamed these warmer points of her character. It was impos-

sible to sour her---not easy entirely to depress her; but sorrow had at a very early age given a turn of sentiment to her thoughts which the smiles of the world would never have fostered. Her vivacity had been tempered; and while the spring of mind to which she owed the strength to fight with difficulties remained undiminished in her character, it lost amidst the gloom of disappointment all that was too acute in its elasticity.

She had at sixteen gone to spend a couple of years with the sister of her mother; and on returning to the house she had looked on as so happy in childhood, she began to struggle with the series of trials which ended in her father's death.

Her mother had few connections, and they were in very indigent circumstances; her single rich relation was the sister with whom Miss Murray had staid, and that sister was dead. The Laird was the only child of an only child; there were but far removed friends on that side to apply to; and the lady was proud, very proud, and *her daughter was hopeless*. In this extremity it occurred to Miss Murray, that her mother's slender annuity would pay the rent of a small apartment in the town of ****, and that her own industry might enable her to supply the daily wants of their reduced family. An old servant had married respectably in the city, and occasionally let a spare room for lodgings. To her she applied, and as in the lady's nervous state of mind any change relieved her, she easily obtained her consent to remove before the sale from Eskerdale.

The courage of Miss Murray never failed her while the few preparations for their departure were making. They could take little with them; nothing but what was absolutely their own was left them: but there were many points with the creditors and the lawyers to settle, letters to write, boons to ask, her mother to keep easy, her little sisters to attend. She did not trust herself to visit a single cottage in the lovely glen she was leaving for ever; she could not with sufficient firmness have bid adieu to one humble friend; but the evening before the day fixed on for their early journey, she strolled for the last time by the banks of the bonny Burn, which dashed through the upper part of the valley of Eskerdale.

It was a dull evening towards the close of September, chilly and dark, and the harvest rains had considerably swelled the river. The little path on which she wandered, was nearly choked with long grass, and weeds, brushwood, and other rubbish hid half the verdure round her. She could just remember when it had been her father's pride to keep all he considered as his pleasure grounds with the most remarkable neatness; and after harder times began, he still preserved the gardens immediately adjoining his house in perfect order; but by degrees ruin began to mark its progress there, and as Margaret looked back on her much-loved home for the last time, she stopt and wept at its wretchedness.

It took its name from its situation on the blooming haughs by the river side. Green undulating fields surrounded the dwelling; it was backed by the high mountains, and in front rolled the Burn, sweeping boldly down the valley.

"These grander features," thought poor Margaret with melancholy enthusiasm, "will remain for ever;—a painter perhaps would "seek no minuter details; but I who have cherished plants and "nurtured flowers; I who once enjoyed every comfort of rural life "in this ruined spot, miss all those objects of my young care that "once graced the gardens of the home I am losing."

A heavy sigh burst from her heart, as her watery eyes glanced round on all the well-known spots which were so dear to her. The little walk by the river side had been a particular favorite of her father's; and when she first remembered trotting by his side along its many turnings, he used to stride away gaily before her, wrapt in admiration of its changing beauties. She reached the last plantation he had made: the trees near the edge, even in that fine climate, were hardly thriving, for the fence was broken in every direction; it had been slightly made, and never mended. She walked on and stopt at a deep pool, where her brother, in his boyish days, had used to fish for salmon; the thought of his present condition came over her like a sudden shock, as if the news of his disgrace had but this moment struck her: how merry had she once seen him! they were nearly of an age, and all their childish sports had been held together. He was careless ever, giddy, and profuse even of his affection, for it settled, without discrimination, on whomsoever he fancied had done him a kindness; but his distress was not entirely his own creating, he had been led to count on greater means than could be spared him, and a habit of reflection had not formed part of his education.

It was not, however, at such a moment that the errors of those she so tenderly loved could recur to her; no feeling, but that of bitter anguish for all she had lost, could at this unhappy hour find place in a heart so gentle and so affectionate: she turned and moved slowly home. The remains of a gate still hung on one rusty hinge at the entrance to what, in brighter days, had been her mother's shrubbery;—a wilderness now—she raised the heavy wreck to replace it between the tottering posts; it was the last act of her care in Eskerdale. Some stranger hand would retrieve the wild simple beauties of this glen of her forefathers; where they and theirs had dwelt in peace for centuries: a stranger would claim the love of all the trusty servants of her race, would dwell in the ancient home of her family: those who had proudly preserved their well-borne honors through ages of unsettled times, and clannish feuds, were gone, dispersed, were broken. She sunk beside the little gate, and letting her head fall upon her hands, she wept long and loud in utter helplessness.

Hours before day-break, before any of the humble inhabitants of the valley had awakened to the labors of the day, the widow and the daughters of the last Laird of Eskerdale had left for ever its peaceful solitudes.

The change in their condition was at first painfully irksome. The two small scantily furnished rooms, in the close street of a crowded city, seemed a prison to those who had, hitherto, enjoyed the freedom of nature; the little girls drooped for want of the air and the accustomed exercise they had been used to; and the lady, quite sunk by the weight

of her misfortunes, seemed daily to lose the little she had hitherto preserved of health and spirits; but Miss Murray had left every feeling of weakness in the lovely valley of Eskerdale; she felt that on her exertions must depend the very existence of the family, and courageously she set about providing for their necessities. Modern accomplishments had been neglected in her education; she was better read than most young women, but, in her present situation, to her needle alone could she trust for support, and, luckily, she had been early instructed to employ it.

Trade, unhappily, was at this time dull; there was an over supply of tambour workers and embroiderers, she was therefore thankful to accept the proposal made to her by the woman of the house, to engage as a day worker with a dress-maker; she was to begin her task by nine every morning, and stay till nine every night, with the relief of one hour in the middle of the day for dinner, and she was content with less than the ordinary remuneration, as out of favor, and on account of her peculiar situation, her hard week's earnings were paid her on Saturday night. The little time she had to herself in the mornings was devoted to the instruction of her sisters; and before retiring to rest, she had to make all her arrangements for the comfort of the melancholy family.

Thus dutifully and busily employed, Margaret could not be unhappy; had there been only herself, she would have labored on contentedly, and lived in decent comfort; but, as it was, her gains were barely sufficient to provide the most absolute necessaries, though assisted in every possible way by the grateful affection of their landlady. Her sisters too were reaching the age when a better education than she had time to give them, was becoming of importance, and when she felt it was hardly right to leave to them so entirely the disposal of their own time. Her mother grieving for the hard labor of one child, the unavoidable neglect of the others, and, above all, the lamentable condition of her only son, required the support of better air and better living than their finances could at all afford. All this was pressing heavily on poor Margaret, and gradually, in spite of her resolution, it robbed her of her cheerfulness.

About this time she was sent one morning by the dress-maker to match a piece of muslin at a haberdasher's: while she was making her bargain, a tall, stout, well dressed man came into the shop, and walking up to the counter, asked in a gay tone of voice for some cambric: the voice startled her, she turned round in surprise, and her eyes met those of the stranger: he looked at her for a moment, examined her pale anxious face with particular earnestness, and then immediately addressing her, he led her down the stairs which connected the upper warehouse with the shop below.

"Miss Murray!" said he, "will you not know me? have you "forgot old M'Adam's son, who owes so much to your poor father?"

He stopt, for the Laird's daughter trembled, and he felt one scalding tear drop on the arm on which she leaned.

"Can I be of any use?" added he more softly; "where are you "living? what are you doing?"

Miss Murray answered nothing; she was unable for a moment to

speak; at last, raising her languid eye, she said steadily, "Go with me "to our lodgings; we have lost all other home."

They walked in silence down the crowded street, and passed through several narrow lanes, until they reached the work-shop of a cabinet-maker, above whose noisy premises her mother lodged. Young M'Adam was completely affected; he had heard of the Laird's death, the dispersion of the family, and their difficulties; but this was beyond any distress he had anticipated. The lady seemed to revive on seeing him, he had been a favorite with her from his infancy, and she had much approved of the Laird's schemes for his prosperity. As yet, however, William M'Adam had only a distant view of wealth, he had only enough to maintain himself in very moderate comfort, and to lay by what was, hereafter, to purchase him a higher share in his master's business: but from the hour he became acquainted with the situation of the family of his first benefactor, he seemed to lay aside all thoughts of advantaging himself; he was entirely occupied in trying to render their present calamities less overwhelming. A little present of wine to the lady, or tea, or groceries, such luxuries as took most to purchase out of her daughter's scanty purse, he, every now and then, forced upon their acceptance; he often called upon them, and sometimes on a Sunday, when the sun was shining, would tempt the lady out to walk. This was the only day on which Miss Murray ever saw him, her business and his prevented their meeting during the week; but how grateful did she feel to him, when, on returning late home from her wearisome employment, her mother's cheerful spirits showed her who had been her evening visitor.

Nearly a month had passed since this kind friend had appeared to cheer them, when one clear and frosty Sunday he came to them as usual, after morning church. The lady had passed a bad night, the day was cold, and she was low and nervous, and he could not prevail on her to leave the house. He then addressed himself to her daughter, who had always hitherto accompanied them, and entreated she would go with him alone. Margaret, she did not well know why, felt uneasy at the proposal, and with some hesitation she declined it; but her mother, anxious for her health, accepted it at once, and adding the two little girls to the party, she sent them off.

Mr. M'Adam, Miss Murray, and her little sisters, walked faithfully in one line together, so long as the pavement of the town lasted, but when the sounding footpath began to echo to their feet, the little girls could not resist the temptation, and away they ran happily hand in hand a full quarter of a mile before them.

"Poor little things!" said Margaret, and she paused.---Mr. M'Adam paused also, and the silence had almost become embarrassing, when he spoke again.

His voice was unusually agitated, his whole manner was nervous and uncomfortable, but before his companion had time either to stop him or to assist him, he had made her a most respectful offer of his hand. He began with hesitation, but gaining courage as he proceeded, he became even eloquent in his cause; he did not forget the distance between them, the difference in their habits, and his own want

of education; he took no advantage of her family distress to engage her to decide in his favor, nor did he once allude to the little assistance he had been able to give, and would still give them; he told her he loved her for her virtues, and if she would be contented with an honest heart, his had been her's long, long before she could have suspected it.

He pleaded, in vain, gratitude and respect, and the warmest interest in her welfare: she truly felt for him, but Miss Murray had some share of her father's pride. The Highland Laird's daughter could not shame her ancient descent, by wedding a cotter's son; poor as she was, poor, and almost friendless, she felt she could not stoop to such an alliance. She was by nature kind and gentle, and she uttered her refusal with all the delicacy of the softest of her sex, yet tenderly as she pronounced it, she saw how deeply it pained him. The burning color which brightened on his manly cheek, and the quick flashes of his downcast eye, betrayed how keenly he was suffering---she had not suspected him of so much feeling. They parted at her mother's door, shook hands and parted; he slouched his hat over his dark eyes, and walked away---she locked herself in her mother's closet, and wept half the evening.

She had cherished in her solitude, almost unknown to herself, a sort of romantic idea of the wit, and the polish, and the elegance of mind, and the high pursuits of the person likely to captivate her. Mr. M'Adam's plain manner, his sturdy sense, his want of reading, his habits of extreme attention to business, were as unfavorable to his hopes as his ungentle birth; and he had spoken too soon, he was not yet necessary to her; she did not value his real worth sufficiently.

The next Sunday came, but it brought no Mr. M'Adam. Margaret walked out with her mother alone. He had been once to see the lady during the week, but she heard he had a cold, and was ill, and not in spirits. She looked unconsciously towards the turning at which sometimes, when he was not quick enough to reach their lodgings, they used to meet him; he was not there, and Margaret felt lower than usual. Sunday came again, and again it passed dully. Margaret missed the cheerful conversation of the friend who took such an interest to please them; her mother, too, began to remark on this unusual absence, and seemed unhappy as to the cause of it. Tears started into her daughter's eyes; but she did not assist her conjectures.

On Christmas-eve, the dress-maker being slack of work, gave her young ladies a holiday. Margaret hurried joyfully home at an early hour. A hat, with a broad crape-band, lay on the shelf in the narrow passage; she knew it, and paused at the door; the merry voices within struck her almost with sadness. Mr. M'Adam advanced to meet her as he used to do, made his cold serve as an apology for his long absence, and at once resumed the manner of former times. From this day he regularly continued his visits, nay, they were perhaps more frequent than formerly, and being Christmas time, Margaret was oftener at home to receive him. But this freedom from toil

ill-suited her finances; she was forced to part with some little ornaments which had been given her by different friends, in more prosperous days, as keepsakes. Her mother had never possessed any trinkets, and the few articles of the commonest plate they had been allowed to carry from Eskerdale, she determined never to deprive her of, till every other means of supply was hopeless.

In this hour of distress, she bethought herself of writing little papers for some of the magazines of the day. In the work-room, these, and similar productions, were constantly read aloud by one of the party, to beguile the tedious labors of the rest; and it seemed to her, that it would be no very difficult matter to compose an essay, at least not inferior to the general race of such trifles. She set herself seriously to work, and by dint of hard labor, had composed and corrected, and wrote out fair, two very pleasing stories, which on carefully reading again, she thought she might safely send to a publisher; but to whom could she apply, who could assist her? Mr. M'Adam had no literary acquaintance; besides, she felt a delicacy in asking a favor of him. After a night's reflection, she determined to write a simple account of part of her distresses to the editor of one of the most popular magazines, whose character in her gayer days she had often heard most highly praised. She borrowed from her landlady what would pay the carriage of her parcel, booked it, and sent it off. She had desired the answer to be directed under a fictitious name to the post-office, and she controlled her impatience so far, as to wait much beyond the requisite number of days before she called for it; but she called too soon: she went again—again she was unfortunate. She missed a day, and enquired once more, but she was always unsuccessful. She let a week nearly elapse by, and then timidly ventured another trial: there was a letter, but not for the authoress, it was for Miss Murray, and from her brother; he had lost his commission, was in the King's Bench, and starving.

She was on her way to the work-room of the dress-maker—the shock was dreadful, but it must be borne, and borne, alas! alone; for her mother in her present weak condition, could never have survived a blow so dreadful, and her sorrow was too sacred to bear exposure to more passing sympathy; she fortified her heart, therefore, with all the resolution she could command, and returned with decent composure to her business. She was finishing a dress of a very splendid description for a lady of great wealth, who was to direct the approaching assembly. As soon as it was completed, she was desired by the dress-maker to carry it to the house of the lady, to fit it on. With a heavy heart she folded away the gown, and as she walked through the dirty streets with her bandbox, she sighed to reflect upon the changes of fortune. The lady whom she was now going to wait on, had once been a person of very inferior rank; her husband was barely her equal, but some fortunate speculations in trade, had suddenly brought them such an increase of affluence, as made them aspire to a much higher station. Miss Murray recollected that the winter she spent with her aunt at Bath, this wealthy pair had arrived there also,

and she remembered there was a prejudice against admitting persons of such very inferior manners into society. She who had sat as judge on their pretensions, was now humbly standing at their door, resting with patient resignation, till it pleased the lady of the mansion to receive her.

"Bid the girl wait," was the answer she heard made to the servant who announced her.

In about half an hour, she was sent for. "The gown did not fit: "would never fit. Just so much good silk wasted. It might all be "taken to pieces. It would never be good for any thing. The young "woman was at perfect liberty to throw it away. Who cut it? Who "made it? Was she a person to be served in so insolent a manner? "She should never employ Miss —— again."

There was no end to her fury, no answer to her impertinencies, no escape from her vulgarity. Margaret heard her calmly; and when her fit of vulgar phrenzy had subsided, she repossessed herself of her bandbox, and carried it safely back to the dress-maker.

"Now is my pride, indeed, punished," thought she, as she sat down, and relieved by a passionate flood of tears her bursting heart. "Better to have been the wife of an honest-hearted, liberal-minded, "excellent man, though his parentage may not equal mine, than "to drudge on thus, through insults, poverty, and misery: but there "is no hope for me in this world, none; his manner is quite altered "towards me; he has given up all thoughts of so haughty a "mistress. My poor brother!" She sobbed aloud, and she indulged her grief and her despair without control, for her mother and her little sisters had retired to the inner chamber early to rest.

"Oh! if those who are beyond the reach of distress themselves, "did but think how many, for want of their least assistance, may be "lingering in hopeless wretchedness, I should not now have to grieve "for the neglect of my unlucky parcel. One line might have been "sent me—one word would have relieved me. My dear, my only "brother! whose gaiety used to make our home so cheerful; whom "I parted with but two short years ago, with the hope he would "prosper honorably!" She burst into fresh tears, and sobbed aloud, in actual misery, "What further exertions can I make? Who in this "wide world will assist me?"

A knock at the door startled her—it was Mr. M'Adam. His excuse for this untimely visit was in his hand—a check on a London banker, for several hundred pounds, and the offer of a situation in the mercantile house to which he himself belonged, in the East Indies, for her brother. He disclaimed all merit in the appointment, and told her, that on mentioning her brother's story to the head of his firm, that gentleman had at once proposed the plan, which could now be so easily executed. When this part of his business was over, Mr. M'Adam had time to observe the distress poor Margaret had been in. She could have no concealments from so true a friend—she told him all her embarrassments, her debt to her landlady, her

brother's letter, her mother's increasing weakness, her anxiety about her sisters, and, lastly, she told him the story of the ill-fitting gown, and the fate of her compositions. He smiled at her conclusion, though often, during the course of her little tale, the tear had stood in his eye.

From that hour, quite a different kind of intercourse subsisted between them. He would allow her to owe obligations to no person but himself. She confided to him all her sorrows, relied upon him in all her difficulties. He was seldom absent from her thoughts. She saw him constantly, and no person ever so much improved upon acquaintance. His manner appeared to have lost its rusticity, and so many admirable qualities were discovered by their more familiar intercourse, that Miss Murray insensibly forgot to consider him as the cotter's son—his honest uprightness of character, his real sense, and native talents, abundantly compensated for his want of polish.

Brighter days were beginning to rise on Margaret. The winter was passing away, and the gay sunshine of spring had gladdened all the face of nature. The lady's spirits revived, her health was mending, and her darling son had sailed, full of hope, to the distant land of plenty. One Sunday she again declined the weekly walk. Mr. M'Adam and Margaret took the road to the country, and proceeded till they reached a particular point, where both, by one consent, at the same moment stopt. Mr. M'Adam looked with some degree of archness at Margaret. She blushed, and turned away her head. In half a second, Mr. M'Adam stopt again. "When shall we be "married?" said he, in a gentle tone of singular distinctness. She let a minute pass before she answered him, then, placing her hand in his, she said, with real affectionate earnestness, "Whenever you can "settle it with my mother."

The ensuing week, the simple presbyterian ceremony was performed in the lady's humble lodgings, with none to witness it but her own family, their kind landlady, and one friend of her future son-in-law's. When it was over, the bridegroom conducted his bride to her home. They climbed three pair of stairs, to a very comfortable, small suit of apartments, looking towards the country; neatly, though very simply, furnished. A dinner was prepared for them, which Mr. M'Adam invited his wife to partake of, with the kindest anxiety. It was nicely served, and nicely ordered, but the spoons were horn. Margaret burst into tears. After great mental suffering, or unusual excitement, or a trial such as she had that day undergone, a trifle will overset the best regulated understanding. It was a moment of uncontrollable weakness, and she trembled with shame at having been betrayed into it. Her husband saw her agitation, and guessed its cause. "Never mind, my dearest Margaret," said he, "you "have married a poor man, it is true; one who has both wealth and "name to earn: but the day may come, when both may be granted "to us; and when services of silver may, without constant watchful-"ness, tempt us to forget the days of our horn spoons. In the mean "while," added he, taking her hand affectionately, "let us join

"households with your mother; she will lend us her little stock of "plate, till we can afford to supply ourselves." Margaret would have been unworthy of such a husband, had she ever thought again of his lowly birth.

No married life ever was happier than theirs. Wealth, friends, public and private honors, crowded fast on him, who guided every action by principles of honesty and liberality. Comfort, joy, and luxury, breathed round his much-loved home. As years of success succeeded, he began to talk of purchasing some cottage in the country, that his wife, whose simple and early tastes had never forsaken her, might possess, in some beautiful retirement, the only ungratified wish of her heart. He heard, one morning, of a small estate, within a very reasonable distance; which, from the description, he thought would answer. It was to be a gift for his wedding day. Joyfully did he turn his steps homewards, after having completed his purchase. The accountant's office, where he had transacted his business, was situated in the older part of the town; he had many a crooked wind, and many a long, narrow lane, to thread his way through; he passed the cabinet-maker's shop, and the lofty row of houses, near to the top of one of which he had carried his bride, when green fields almost surrounded them. Broad streets stretched now beyond them, and at the door of one of the handsomest of these modern houses, Mr. M'Adam stopt. Well-dressed servants answered his bell; through a spacious hall, and up a handsome staircase, and along a gallery, hung with pictures, and lined with sofas, Mr. M'Adam sped his way. He stopt in a small drawing-room, to which the merry steps and voices of his children directed him. They were all romping round their mother. He advanced among them, silenced, with a shower of yellow oranges, their happy shouting, and seating himself beside his wife, he threw upon her lap the title-deeds of the estate of Eskerdale. It was the brightest moment of his life; he presented to the being he loved best on earth, the spot in the world that was dearest to her.

"We will keep it, my love," said he, "till your brother returns "rich from India. You shall then give him back the possession "of his forefathers, and welcome, with tears of joy, the real Laird of "Eskerdale."

These are some of the true circumstances of life, which are sufficient to turn even the cynic's heart to a gushing fountain of human kindness; and negative the saying of the Wise Man, who denounced the emptiness of life with "Vanity of vanities—all is Vanity."

ELIZABETH BEAUMONT.

STANZAS.

Behold yon dazzling orb of fire
  Reflecting o'er the Ocean's green;
Canst thou be mute, my much-lov'd lyre,
  And mark unmov'd the glorious scene?
Oh, no! oh, no!---tho' grief and sadness
  Their bitter pangs around me fling,
Awake, my harp, to strains of gladness,
  And let me touch thy trembling string!

The whispering wave in glittering splendor
  Wafts native music to the ear;
So mild, so lovely, was the tender
  And gentle Maid my soul held dear:
But, ah! that beauteous flower was blighted
  And crush'd beneath the ruthless storm;
Her vow of truth was scarcely plighted,
  Ere Death seized on her spotless form.

By Life's chill blast too rudely shaken,
  Where yonder weeping willows wave,
She slumbers, never more to waken,
  Within the dark and stilly grave;
If thy blest spirit hover near me,
  O pass me not unheeded by;
'Twould ease my throbbing heart and cheer me,
  To know thy sainted shade were nigh.

How oft I sit at close of even,
  Beside thy cold, but hallow'd tomb,
Look upwards to the starry heaven,
  And sigh at thy untimely doom;
Bend o'er thy image, sad and weary,
  And strive to soothe my aching breast,
And long, my ever-faithful Mary,
  To share with thee thy lonesome rest.

And yet 'tis sweet, and care-beguiling,
  To gaze upon the trackless sea,
When hush'd to rest and brightly smiling
  In peace and conscious majesty;
While fragrant zephyrs, softly sighing,
  Around in plaintive murmurings play,
To watch the heavenly day-star dying,
  And mourn o'er its departing ray.

Like some fair floweret, chastely blooming
Upon the dew-bespangled plain,
So simply grand, yet unassuming,
And placid is the boundless main;
The slumbering waters gently tremble,
But not an angry wave is seen;
Oh, surely thou canst not dissemble
With that enchanting artless mien?

Oh, yes—tho' *now* thou glancest round thee
In graceful loveliness and ease,
And seem'st to be to all around thee
The harbinger of joy and peace;
Yet hapless they, who, too believing,
Put faith in thy delusive smile;
For, like false man's, it is deceiving,
And fraught with treachery and guile.

Full oft as in yon shaded bower
I've mus'd at early dawn of day
Upon my happy childhood's hour,
And caroll'd forth my simple lay,
I've mark'd thy waves in wild commotion
Dash frowning o'er the troubled deep,
Where lur'd by thee, deceitful Ocean,
So many lie in Death's cold sleep.

The sun is gone, and twilight throwing
Her mantle o'er the shadowy vale,
A sadly-pleasing gloom bestowing,
Invites the tuneful nightingale:
And now the dewy night orb rising
In silent majesty on high,
With unexpected light surprising
Sheds silvery lustre from the sky.

Oh! here, my harp, with *thee* I'll wander,
Far from the world's suspicious eye;
And o'er each fond remembrance ponder,
And give a tear to joys gone by;
Muse on those days of peace and pleasure,
Ere yet I knew the throb of pain,
And wail in sorrow-soothing measure
That they can *never* come again.

J. E. S.

LOVE'S BRIDAL.

AN ALLEGORY.

Some time before the birth of chivalry, but in what precise year of the world's age it is not necessary to mention, it chanced one day that Love was sauntering alone in the precincts of his mother's dominions; he was in a very bad temper, for he felt languid and listless, and he knew not the cause. Children soon weary of their most favorite toys. Love, immortal as he is, had always childish propensities, and at this time his customary playthings had ceased to charm him; he had been gazing on the moon until his eyes were fatigued; he found the groves too cool, and the woods too dreary; the sighs of his votaries made a music too monotonous for his temper, and their tears, which he was wont to encourage, displeased him. If it had not been for the employment he had found in scolding his mother, he would have long ago expired from very lassitude. This tender parent had tried in vain to please and engage him by every ordinary method; now, he would blame her for having too much indulged him, and now he exhausted words to express her cruelty: finally, he declared she was unworthy the adoration he had hitherto paid her, and he resolved to worship her no more. The Goddess of Beauty saw with inexpressible pain the flight of Love from her presence; she would even have followed him, and at any risk, with any submission, have endeavoured to prevail on him to return; but Shame withheld her, and Reflection persuaded her to desist from so useless a proceeding. "Know you not," said Reflection, "that your own celestial power, "joined to that of all the Muses and Graces, has already failed to "detain your wayward child? Hope not, then, that your single "efforts can recal him. Your indulgence does but take from your "own liberty, to add to his. See you not that he has abandoned your "authority for that of Fancy, and will be guided only by her inconstant divinities? Leave him, then, to his fate; he is unworthy "your anxiety; Chance or Caprice will soon conduct him back to "your presence. When he returns, seem not too anxious to receive "him, and he will again be all your own." The Goddess listened, and acquiesced.

Behold, then, Love, separated from Beauty, and at variance with her handmaids, Nature and Simplicity; sick and exhausted, discontented and unhappy, about to break his bow in wanton anger because it no longer afforded him any pleasure. Love has not much conscience, but before he concluded this last act of impiety, a feeling something like conscience caused him to turn his eyes towards his mother's palace. Coming thence, he saw a nymph, whom he recognised as a frequent attendant there, but he had never before particularly regarded her; her figure and mien were singular; and out of mere curiosity he now stopped until she approached. Having reached him within a few paces, she stood still, fixed her eyes on his face, and laughed aloud. He was going to feel offended at her impertinence, when she looked up in the air, and heaved such a sigh as made even

Love, whose own sighs are occasionally pretty deep, perfectly astonished. He pitied her, but her breath had scarcely passed ere, looking at her feet, she began to dance; and her extraordinary steps attracted his attention: while he gazed intently, she threw herself on the ground, and fell to weeping; he approached to comfort her, she frowned, fled, and stood motionless at a little distance from him, pointing toward him with her finger, yet looking another way. Love forgot his troubles, and surveyed her in amazement; her garments were as strange as her actions; her head-dress resembled at a distance the helmet of Minerva, but near, appeared fashioned like the cap of Momus; the crest was covered with small bells, surmounting it in the figure of a cone, and falling behind in a bunch or tassel, which jingled with every motion she made; she wore a rich girdle, but it was turned inside outwards, and a long veil, but it hung not over her features. She had wrapt about her ancles, and fastened with sable bands, the light drapery of Thalia; and fantastically twisted with roses round her shoulders and bosom, the weighty train of Melpomene. Love looked in vain for some sign by which he might guess in what language to address her. Meanwhile she changed her attitude, and continued to play a thousand antics, of which it could only be said that each was more unexpected and more unaccountable than the last. Sometimes she would approach, take him familiarly by the hand, yet appear not to see him; play with his arrows, yet seem unconscious what she did; when he gave her his sweetest smile, fly from him to pick up a pebble; and when he frowned, exhibit every mark of delight. Love was by turns pleased and piqued at her behaviour, yet still he regarded her, and still he was fascinated. Three of the hours had passed by him since she entered his presence, and he was not yet tired of watching her; he had been first astonished, then amused, and now he was charmed by her inconsistency; the variety of her movements kept his attention awake, and because they were unintelligible, he was the more anxious to discover in them some meaning. Moreover, they were not without some grace and beauty, for the radiance which surrounded Love extending wider and becoming brighter as he looked on the object that attracted him, imparted, unknown to him, some of its brilliancy to her, and he unconsciously admired charms which only his own ardent gaze had created. He resolved that this capricious being should not escape him, and again he pondered in what way he might detain, even for a moment, the fixed attention of so changeable a creature. At length his ingenuity prevailed; a happy thought seized him; he imitated by turns her varying gestures, omitting none, and embellishing all with a charm peculiar to himself. He saw the success of his scheme by a sudden change of expression in the eyes of the nymph; in their new-born softness and intelligence he read his power; he spoke, and at the sound of his heavenly accents she sank at his feet; in the clear, though broken, tones of Truth, she sounded his name, and paid him homage; Love raised her, Love supported her, and while his eyes flashed with the light of triumph, poured out his soul before her in that stream of celestial eloquence which was never yet resisted. He

ended not until he had named her as his bride, and devoted himself, so long as Time should last, to her service. The nymph was won, and Love conducted her back to the Palace of Beauty. Kneeling, he implored his mother's forgiveness, and entreated her sanction to his nuptials. Venus half suppressed a smile; then assuming an air of austerity, demanded of her son whom it was he would espouse? Love fixed his eyes steadily for a moment on the object of his fancy---dropped them---and in a low voice, though with a smile, pronounced the name of Folly. The Goddess of Beauty, in tones of dignified composure, asked of Love if this choice was worthy his celestial origin? Love blushed, but he did not repent, and he was silent. His mother looked yet more serious, and would have spoken in rigorous accents of the disgrace that must attend such an union, but Love interrupted her. "Oh! greatest of all the daughters of "Olympus!" exclaimed he, "if I be your son, affect not a coldness "which I hate, and which is so foreign to your own nature; treat me "not with a mistrust which Minerva herself would disown. I "belong to heaven, and shall I err beyond reparation? I belong "to you, and can I mortally offend?" The features of Beauty relaxed from sternness; she sighed, but she kept her face averted, and appeared still distrustful. Love, assuming his most persuasive attitude, continued---"Mother! by this dearest of names "I conjure you to listen to me. I have been in peril---I am in "distress; to whom shall I go for succour, of whom shall I "ask consolation, if not of you, my indulgent parent, my fond "friend, my cherished guide? Ah! do but look at me, and you "will pity me." Love did not plead in vain, for Venus, melting into softness, was already regarding the chosen of her son with more tender looks, but as she still kept silence, he either did not, or would not, observe her emotion, and in a haughtier tone he added, "Can I "make you no amends for a trifling sacrifice of dignity? or are you "so independent that you fear not my despair? May not my welfare "be yours? Is not my anger"—— Venus interrupted him with a passion of tears, the marks at once of her submission and resentment. She darted at him a look, in which reproach and tenderness strove for mastery, exclaiming, "Tyrannical and artful boy!---thus ever do you "begin with flattery, and end with defiance---your smiles are commands, and your entreaties, threats; ever at my peril do I listen "a moment to your arguments---a slave if I allow, and a martyr if I "resist them: take your wish, and be its consequences yours." Love, with a radiant smile, which flashed a momentary light over the whole palace, now brightened his mother's features, till all the goddess shone concentrated in her countenance; he flew towards her, kissed off the drops on her cheeks, and soothed away the anger in her heart. "Yes," said he, "the consequences shall all be mine; fear not disgrace, fear "not sorrow, on account of this marriage; by my power I swear to "you, that Folly, once my own, shall never offend you more; under "my tutorage, she shall be to you an obedient daughter, and you "shall approve her for my sake."

The nuptials of Love and Folly were celebrated with all imagin-

able pomp. No sooner was she his, than Love hastened to bestow on her a thousand charms. Of too refined a nature to endure her ordinary dress, he took from her habiliments all that was displeasing, and clothed her in their stead with graces which only he could bestow; he replaced her unsightly cap by a coronet of immortal flowers; he softened the paint on her cheeks to a beautiful tender bloom; he gave her a wand which Psyche had wielded, and a cestus that Venus had worn; finally, he threw over her a veil, which effectually concealed all in her form or features that was harsh, or not agreeable; and Folly, the bride of Love, was no longer the same being that she had before seemed. Determined to exalt her as much as possible, he endowed her with power, and an extent of dominion, inferior only to his own; he established laws for her special protection, and commanded honors to be paid her in every region where his name was acknowledged. Men, the better to shew their devotion to him, vied with each other in yielding homage to her; and from that time, Love has never dethroned his chosen favorite, nor ever owned a worshipper who brought not to his altar some offering to Folly.

Hence it is that, to this day, all the votaries of Love play such extraordinary freaks as constantly excite the ridicule of those, who, untouched themselves by his power, see Folly in her natural appearance: hence it is, that lovers are indeed governed by Folly; but it is Folly wearing so sweet a grace, drest in such winning charms, and ministering so many pleasures, that they may well be excused yielding to her influence: hence it is, that though sometimes, even as they yield, they recognise for a moment the unworthiness of their guide, yet still irresistibly fascinated her attractions, they voluntarily proceed wherever she would lead them.

One only evil has occurred to mankind from the union of Love and Folly; it is, that the power she has thus gained being very great, and its boundaries not easily distinguishable, Folly occasionally exceeds the authority which Love has given her, and not unfrequently imposes on the world by stealing his signet; thus gaining admission to the sacred temple of marriage for beings whom Love never knew, and who do but imagine that he has hallowed their entrance thither; hence unjust reproach and scandal---Love is accused of abandoning hearts which he never inhabited, and Hymen of extinguishing a light which never burned. Folly, by the permission of Love, binds a charm of overpowering fragrance round all whom he conquers, and, at his command, they are given up, for a time, entirely to her disposal; thus authorized and inspired, she innocently charms all mankind, she proves Love's existence and exhibits his might, and is tolerated and protected for the honor of the empire she represents; but her power is properly inferior to that of Love himself, for it is of short duration: Hymen, who adores and cherishes Love, protests against his union with Folly; and under Hymen's protection the true subjects of Love are gradually released from the government with which he invests his consort, and turn to himself with undivided allegiance.

EPIGRAMS,

WRITTEN ON THE UNION, 1801, BY A CELEBRATED BARRISTER OF DUBLIN.

Adapted to the Commercial Failures, 1800.

Why should we exclaim, that the times are so bad,
Pursuing a querulous strain?
When Erin gives up all the rights that she had,
What *right has she left to com*plain?

The Cit complains to all he meets,
That grass will grow in Dublin streets,
And swears that all is over!
Short-sighted mortals, can't you see,
Your mourning will be chang'd to glee—
For then you'll live in *clover*.

Necessitas non habet legem.

ON SIR JOHN ANSTRUTHER.

BY THE HONORABLE THOMAS ERSKINE.

Necessity and Law are like each other:
Necessity has no Law—nor has Anstruther.

THE BLACK PRINCE AND THE POPE.

After the great and famous victory obtained by the Black Prince at the battle of Poictiers, the Pope, then residing at Avignon, took the part of the French King; and after this battle, the following verses were published at Vienna, and other places, and grew into a kind of proverb, viz.

"On est le Pape devenu Franceys,
Et Jhesu est devenu Angleys;
Ore serra viou que ferra plus,
Le Pope, on Jhesus."

ID EST.

The Pope is now all Frenchify'd;
And Jesus on the English side;
And now you see which of these two,
The Pope or Jesus, most can do.

For this partial conduct of the Pope, King Edward prohibited the payment of *Peter*-pence; and this prohibition continued until the reign of Richard II.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH NOVEL READER.—NO. II.

BY ISAAC HASTIE, GENT.

All my experience goes to confirm the theory, that the mind is always subject, in a greater or less degree, to some one powerful and predominant feeling, which, like the effects of certain states of the atmosphere on the landscape, gives an uniform color and character to almost every action and idea. The changes of this nature which I have undergone, have often been sudden, and exceedingly harsh in their contrast; but during the time I have been under the influence of these conditions of mind, I have almost lost my former identity—I have felt and suffered as a new and altered soul. The objects which formerly created strong emotions, have then been contemplated with apathy, while a new and unaccountable interest has been awakened for objects the most alien and dissimilar. This I have always thought must be a morbid condition of mind, a condition prone to so many alternations of excitement and depression. My mind, very soon after the events which I have related, in which I burned to emulate the heroes of Commodore Trunnion's household in practical and mischievous wit, underwent a most sudden, and even to myself a surprising, revolution of character. There was one of the elder boys, who, indeed, was only a year or two older than myself, over whom I had lately gained an uncommon share of power and influence. George Andrews and myself were sworn friends; we passed our leisure hours together—we eat together---trespassed together---and were often punished together. His father lived in very good style in a village near London, and I received an invitation to pass some part of the holidays with him, which I prevailed upon my mother to allow me to accept.

I had never been in any female society but my mother's and Ellen's, and I had, consequently, never formed any other estimate of female attractions, than of those possessed by a mother and nursemaid. George had some charming sisters just budding into womanhood, and I naturally felt delight in sharing their amusements and society. It was, however, the mere delight of boyhood, and good spirits. They differed greatly from each other, each seeming to possess, and that without any display of art, a different and contrasted mind. Jane, the youngest, however, was all tenderness and reserve. A soft and pervading melancholy, as though her spirit was enduring some silent yet consuming grief, was her distinguishing characteristic. She spoke little, and her low and subdued tones seemed to me at first any thing but becoming in a high-spirited girl of sixteen. I thought her affected and supercilious. I have since learned at once to adore and pity her---she was a NOVEL READER!

It was a very wet day, and we had almost exhausted our round of amusements. Chess, backgammon, and music, began to be flat and unprofitable; when Jane asked me, with her usual languishing and indifferent air, if I had ever read "St. Clair?" "What is that?" said I; "who was he?" She smiled faintly, and only replied by

handing me the first volume---I read some time, and thought it dull and insipid beyond description. I thought there would absolutely be no end of the introductory account of the chateau, with its corridors, galleries, and unfrequented staircases. All at once the light broke in upon me; a new and intense feeling of delight made my heart to flutter---I was almost breathless in suspense---it was the discovery of a new and beautiful world---new imagery---new creatures; it was the first approach to the land of romantic and devoted love! At the moment Adela was conveyed to the nunnery to force her to perpetual seclusion, I could willingly have laid down my life for her. I grasped the book with a convulsive energy, as though it were a weapon of assault; my soul absolutely thrilled with delight when I found her approaching the garden gate, to escape with her beloved one. Ah! no matter, I finished it; my soul was no longer the same; a fresh spirit had taken possession of my mortal frame. I had lost my former identity; I was a living and existing *metempsychos*. The world was a new world---the house and inhabitants were all changed, and seen under an entirely new aspect. I was, in a word, romantically, fervently, and devotedly, in love with Jane Andrews!

I had formed the determination to nourish my passion in secret, because I feared it would only be met with that cold and languid contempt, which made me shrink into myself at the bare contemplation of it. Ah, how mistaken was I! it soon became apparent to her, and I believe she must have thought of such an event; she returned my love with an ardor I had thought her incapable of feeling; and we exchanged vows, as I afterwards found, according to the most orthodox and approved ritual. She aggravated to me all the horrors of a discovery---the stern resolution of her father---her unavoidable separation from me, and even talked of the terrors of slowly approaching, yet welcome, death! I swore with the utmost sincerity to defend and cherish her, at the risk of every thing, even my life. I more than once walked on the outside of the boundary wall of the garden, and fixed upon the most advantageous spot for an escape—both with relation to the chance of discovery from the house, and the situation where a carriage and followers might be placed; I submitted the plan to her, which she meekly approved, and hoped the necessity might not arise from the expected parental cruelty and oppression. Oh, how I loathed any proposition of George's for one of our old favorite pranks! I attributed my disinclination to illness, but all these former delights had changed their character—they were now horrid and distasteful, to the last degree. I was no longer the boisterous and animated Peregrine. I had emerged from such a caterpillar, into the tender, romantic, and love-inspired St. Clair.

The terrible time of separation was at hand, and I prepared to return to school, where I was to stay another twelvemonth. It is wonderful with what art the mind, being under the influence of a particular impression, will conceal the most obvious and undeniable truths. We never for one moment realized to ourselves our positive and real condition, in relation to every-day life. We lived in an atmosphere of our own, which had the quality of excluding the

presence of real and unsightly objects. For my part, I never once seemed to give credit to the thought that I was a raw and inexperienced schoolboy. The fact sometimes dawned upon me, but a cloud of manly and ennobling conceptions of action, quickly obscured it from close observation. There was, however, one solemn fact, which she had thought of, and that was the unpoetical, unromantic nature of my name: never had there been a lover, brave, generous, and romantic, whose name was Isaac! Jane planned a correspondence in lemon juice, and employed a confidential female servant to convey the notes, which were left under a particular hedge in the neighbourhood, where the answer was also placed. I complied with her particular request, and always signed myself Fitz Eustace Hastie. I made friends with the poor persecuted Count, by defending him from attack; and concealing the lemon I used to sit and write in his little study, pretending I was writing to my mother. "Ah!" he would sometimes say, "I have now no mother to write to—she died "in Provence, of a broken heart." Poor fellow---I am sure he must have been a most affectionate and dutiful son.

An unlucky accident laid bare our sublimated, and almost unearthly correspondence, to the father of Jane. A council for active operations was summoned between our respective families, when it was decided to send her to a distant part of the country, and my father finding me to have become sufficiently of a man to write love letters, determined upon giving me, as he said, something better to do. I was forthwith brought home, and articled to his friend Mr. C—— a solicitor, and one of a highly respectable firm in the city.

What was the state of my mind and feelings at this change in my external circumstances! I sometimes meditated upon the harshness of confining me to this, as I considered, degraded and mechanical life, until a furious and consuming rage took absolute possession of me. At one moment I resolved to forsake home, and take my chance in the wide and untried world, burying my misfortunes in my own bosom. At another, I looked forward prophetically through the long vista of five years, when I should naturally become my own director, and when I might scorn the control of others. But my general state of mind was a passive submission to events; I did what was placed before me, and fondly cherished the contemplation of those noble and heroic qualities, which I felt satisfied were the natural residents of my bosom, and which only wanted opportunity for an abundant developement. For some time Jane was the secret idol to which my soul almost instinctively turned and worshipped, but I found the recollection of her becoming more and more indistinct and undefined in its outline, until at last it vanished entirely amidst the hurry of succeeding and fluctuating emotions, or was replaced by other images, placed and worshipped in the same shrine.

I am very far from thinking that the varied phenomena of my mental economy at this period, were wholy attributable to the fact of

my having read one novel of a romantic and elevated cast. I believe my imagination in its organization to have been extremely, and morbidly, sensitive to impression; but it had by circumstances already received a direction which gave to its current an almost overwhelming force and preponderance. Could the real state of my mind have been disclosed to an experienced and judicious adviser, nothing would have been easier than to have restored it, by the discipline of truth, to a healthy exercise of its powers. As it was, I nourished the disease, by the unlimited use of the identical poison which had first created it.

I had derived too much mental gratification from one novel, either speedily to forget it or its source, and I flew to seek a repetition of the same delightful emotions; I subscribed to one of the most extensive circulating libraries in the city, and feasted upon its treasures with such an uncommon, and almost phrenzied eagerness, that it would appear ridiculously fabulous, were I to state the actual sum of the thousands of volumes which I devoured during six years, the duration of my unhappy, and I feared, at one time, incurable disease. I shall only mention a few of the most general phenomena with which it was accompanied in its progress. I intended to have recalled some of the particular circumstances which followed the perusal of particular novels, but such has been the rapidity and depth of the emotions, that I find the attempt altogether impracticable.

One of the most singular and characteristic features of the state of my mind, was that insatiable, voracious appetite which I had for this particular species of food. I read incessantly, and with the utmost speed; but my mind knew no fulness nor satiety: I felt the nausea of repletion, but still a craving, fevered desire of more. It can only be illustrated by a horrible disorder of the alimentary organs, known in medicine by the title of *orexis addephagia*, during which, the miserable patient eats with canine voracity immoderate quantities, alas! only to find himself at the end of his dreadful repast, still more distant from a satiated appetite. My mind was as a consuming fire, which only burned with the greater fury as fresh materials were supplied. I was fevered and distracted while reading, and I threw down the last volume, only to seize upon the first of the next in succession.

Immediately I was freed from the office, I ran with a distracted speed to the library, where I hastily deposited my last night's reading, and seized with trepidation the evening's meal. At the first part of my career I was restrained, by a sort of shame, from taking more than one set; but I found my sufferings, from delay, so extreme, that I soon permitted no delicacy to withhold me from demanding more than enough to last, until wearied, confused, and exhausted, I was obliged to seek repose. The librarian very soon became familiar with my appetite; he had had much experience, and a large pile of volumes generally stood ready for my daily visit. He has sometimes been at a loss for a supply, and he has often placed those which I had read only

the week before---a trick that very rarely indeed met with detection. Never let the pain and torment of material hunger and thirst, or their mere physical agonies, be mentioned as at all comparable with that yearning of the mind, that quick and eager pulsation of the soul, which I for years endured during the progress of my disease---my mental orexis!

Let not any one suppose that I was, in the intensity of my appetite, indifferent to the kinds of novel which I read; or that I was equally delighted by all. I, of course, betook myself to every variety; but there were few, very few, which pleased me as a whole. I often met with tedious and labored descriptions of natural scenery, which, of all things, I dreaded. The mountain torrent, the secluded dell, the dark and impenetrable forest, were to me one waste howling wilderness. Sometimes they were overloaded with moral sentiment. How the pages used to fly from under my thumb and finger! but I had a wonderful dexterity in extracting from each that which had the power to delight. They were all alike in their great characteristics; they all possessed, in greater or less perfection, incident and surprising adventure; they all had unfortunate and lovely heroines; there was always treachery to be thwarted, and dark and mysterious dispensations to be cleared up; above all, there was always a world of infinitely brighter colors, with inhabitants of far more intensity of feeling, both bad and good, than those with whom I had any real intercourse. I had the art of turning over what was of real use to the story or character, and beginning exactly at the spot where the golden tissue, the bright vein of ore, again commenced.

My sensations, as I sometimes threw down the last volume, could only be compared to the delirium of an opium eater; I often threw myself back in the chair, insensible to surrounding objects, without any fixed or determinate thought of real existence, which crowds of alternately exciting and tender emotions would fill my eyes with tears: I traced in quick and successive glances of thought the whole of the events which had just passed before me: I followed, with transport, the hero through all his dangers and fatigues, and my bosom swelled with elation at his fortitude and patience: I placed myself, by a most intense exertion of sympathy, in all the predicaments in which he had stood; and my little room where I read, became at one time a palace, at another a prison. I have often sat expecting the signal of the readiness of my followers for some enterprise or rescue, and then, without change of position or motion, I have resolutely waited for the unbarring of my prison door, and the entrance of the stern and unrelenting jailor. Sometimes when the maid has come to call me to supper, I have unconsciously started up, as though I had been enduring all the horrors of suspense, and exclaimed aloud, "Are you indeed "arrived, my guardian angel?"

It will readily be conceived, that amidst the operation of this varied and ever shifting scenery—scenery which seemed to be present to the mental vision but for a moment, only a very slight permanent effect was produced. I was not, amidst all my ideal transports, led into any settled course of action, nor, having conceived designs, did I aim to follow them up by any systematic plan of operations. I some-

times, for example, delighted to imagine myself a soldier, the model of courage and gallantry; but I never even expressed an audible wish to enter the army, and, in truth, the realities of a military life would have been as harsh a contrast to the beau ideal of a novel writer officer, as a lawyer, according to the same authority, is necessarily the very type of deceit and usury. It is not the least singular part of my mental processes, that although I could not find the least delight in the contemplation of regular industry, but always viewed it as mean and degrading in practice; yet I never allowed a fretful impatience, respecting my own condition, to take possession of me. I was satisfied with the bright visions which daily glided before me, and giving the mere mechanism of thought to my profession, I drew a passive and quiet delight from these empty and evanescent phantasms of the imagination.

To own the truth, however, although I was not urged to any violent and active course of conduct to elevate myself into something like a great and heroic class of character, I was for years under the continued and certain expectation of some fortuitous concurrence of events which should happen for my elevation. I treated all the established modes of arriving at greatness, with contempt, because of this expectation, that some peculiarly fortunate disposition of circumstances would happen to render it unnecessary for *me* to adopt such a process. It is true, I did not pretend to believe that such events happened to others; on the contrary, I always perceived ends to be arrived at by the agency of applicable means; but still, such was the preponderance of my ill-regulated imagination over the powers of my judgment, that I expected the ordinary operations of cause and effect, end and means, would be suspended on *my* behalf, that *I* alone should be an exception.

Although I had every where learned that money was to be despised, merely as wealth, yet I always had an undefined impression, that the first step to heroic greatness in my case, was to be a sudden elevation to great fortune. I had found in my favorite novels so many instances of a happy issue to events arising from the unexpected influx of wealth, that for years I allowed myself to continue in constant expectation of such an event befalling me. It seemed so familiar to my mind, as almost to be a matter of daily occurrence, that an unexpected rencontre taking place between a poor man, but of high spirit and honor, and a rich and beautiful heiress, would as surely lead to a happy union, perhaps after a series of opposition and disappointment. Under this impression, I never travelled by a coach, or saw a strange female, but what this thought was uppermost. I daily expected the event, for I felt assured I had a heart which *could* love, as it ought to love; and one, moreover, whom no opposition from relatives could daunt or dispirit. Another expectation seemed quite as familiar, and as certain of fulfilment. I believed, although I had never heard of such a person from any one of my family, that I had an uncle, who had long been absent in the East Indies, and who would as certainly return, and, struck with my notions and carriage, make me the heir to his untold wealth. I hardly ever saw any eccentric and singular old man in the streets, but my heart fluttered with the expectation

that it must be my rich uncle. I remember seeing one such, greatly embarrassed and insulted in a crowd, whereupon, I ran in at the imminent peril of my life to his rescue, thinking to command his good will by this example of my courage. The old gentleman civilly thanked me, and hinted that a shilling would be of infinite service just then. I believed it to be a trick to try my generosity and spirit, whereupon, I gave him the whole contents of my purse; he overloaded me with thanks, but I have heard no more of my Indian fortune.

Although, as I have already said, this excessive preponderance of my imaginative powers led me into no direct course of action with a view to realize any one of these fleeting visions; yet it was wonderful the power which it had of distorting every action of life from its real qualities and figure, and tinging them with brilliant and artificial hues. I walked abroad as one who felt the assurance of being born to some surprising and heroic destiny. Occasionally I was prepared for the stern defiance of a martyr—a brave and faithful partizan; or to drink in some secluded retreat, the sweets of tenderness and romantic love. The most ordinary actions of my life were never performed without a distinct reference to the probability of each being one link in the chain of events which was to bring about the final consummation of my ultimate destiny. If I entered into society, my mind reverted to the prospect of a tender, romantic, and disinterested attachment with some fair one, who might then see me for the first time. If I walked in the country, I frequented the most lone and sequestered spots, for the chance of rescuing some unhappy heroine from the lawless hands of banditti. The slightest incident—an unexpected crowd, or the overturning of a carriage, was hailed as the long looked for event, which was destined to procure my elevation to the character of a hero.

When I recal to my recollection the actual condition of my mental faculties during these past years of my life, I am almost led to wonder in what manner such morbid symptoms could be reduced, or by what discipline I could ever have been brought to a just estimate of truth. I can hardly fix upon any one cause which led me to view these vivid, yet undefined, impressions with suspicion. As years, however, rolled on, I found my confidence in anticipations greatly diminish. I had been exposed to a succession of disappointments, and multitudes of incidents had occurred, which had cast, even to myself, an air of ridicule over my dreamy views of life. I had found no heroine devoted and true: I had not the good fortune to fall into any circumstances to call forth my courage or endurance: I had never, in fact, met any real event which was calculated to encourage my love of romance.

I endeavoured, by every effort, to avert the approach of this insensibility to fiction: I found it painful in the highest degree, it seemed like the sad return to nature which we feel, after viewing the landscape tinted by the artificial golden light of the setting sun. As I lost the susceptibility to impression from the brilliant hues of romance—life, its objects and pursuits, seemed to settle down to the

sober solemn dulness of twilight. My mind wanted to be quickened, but the original charm was lost, and as I gradually became more and more alive to the reality of truth, I found it a vain attempt to restore my former impressions, in any thing like their original freshness or intensity.

It was in this state of mind that I first began to read the novels by the author of Waverley. I was immediately entranced by the display of incident and character, but they seemed to possess so much of real nature and life; the highest ranges of passion and feeling, were so magically blended with known historical truth, that it seemed a soothing relief to my mind, to be able to rest itself upon what it believed to be true. I felt a delight now, in being able to substantiate my first emotions by an appeal to accredited history. I found my pleasure so immeasurably increased by the idea of all this delightful scenery being mere transcripts of nature and history, that I now began to revolt from every work which I was certain was *merely* ideal. It became my delight, after finding my mind so powerfully operated upon, to advert to the history itself, and renew my first impressions, by assuring myself of the probability of the entire truth of the narration.

This was the death blow to the fascinations of those exaggerated and unreal representations in which I had delighted. They ceased to please exactly in the proportion as I brought them to my new standard of beauty—the *probability* of their truth. Their gaudy coloring, and unnatural and monstrous characters, became my abhorrence. In a word, I gradually acquired an unwonted relish for realities and nature. I began almost for the first time in my life to connect causes and effects, by a sound and wholesome process of reasoning. I entertained better, and more disciplined, views of practical life, and my imagination became capable of being delighted by the more sober, and less fantastic, descriptions capable of probable incident and character. I know not into what new direction my wayward and versatile mind may yet be diverted, but no language can express the calm satisfaction which I feel, at being able to survey life and manners in their just and natural light. I seem like one newly recovered from one of those disorders of the vision, during which, all objects have been tinted by one false and pervading color, as the effect of the disease.

THE HISTORY OF HOPE.

"What is that whisper, mild and sweet, now stealing on mine ear?
Is it not like the silver tone that once I loved to hear?
It is—it is---that faithless one!---Hope---traitress! come not near!

Come not again with thy soft voice, and thy betraying tale,
Again to fly me when again I find thy promise fail,
As from the vessel it has wreck'd departs the wanton gale!"

" Yes: when thy dull desire forbade my glance from earth to rise,
I fled: I cannot lose the light of my own native skies,
I cannot live without the power to raise on them mine eyes.

Yet when I warned thee that my stay hung on that power alone,
I bade thee, too, look on that heaven, and seek it for thine own,
And thou didst turn thy face away,—that moment I was flown.

But visions of that heavenly home are in thy heart to day;
And I with them return to soothe, to charm thee on thy way;
Receive me---dost thou doubt me yet, and wilt thou yet delay?

Ah! thou art weak! but I am strong; come, lean upon my breast,
And let me tell thee of that safe, that happy place of rest;
Do I not bless thee while I say, thou surely shalt be blest?"

" Ah, Gracious Hope, forgive my fault." " I am thine own once more;
Soon will thy wayward wanderings, thy weary toil be o'er."
" And I shall then be led by thee to that delightful shore?"

No, not by me; thy guide is Death." " And who is he? thy frame
Seemed with a fresher, stronger life, to kindle at his name;
And to thy cheek a crimson blush, like changing woman's, came."

" He is the spring of my best life, the lord of my desire:
Once, and once only, must we meet, when earth consumes in fire.
I shall but half behold his form, and lost in joy expire."

A****H.

EXTRACTS FROM TALMA'S POCKET-BOOK, RELATIVE TO NAPOLEON, THE STAGE, &C.

The Sanhedrim was resolved upon, as Napoleon himself told me, one evening after the performance of Esther.

Actors who wear an inappropriate costume, are blameable in this, that they delude youth into false notions of historical circumstances.

Pylades does not *thou* Orestes? (*quere* the purport of this remark.)

The last time Le Kain played Vendome, he had placed his mistress in the side scenes, and he now performed the part with much effect. He gave this lady a promise of marriage, commencing thus: " I promise my King and God, to enter into the matrimonial state " with, &c."

Napoleon told us with regard to Berthier, who had fled to Ghent with the King: " The *Emperor* cannot pardon the *Marshal*, but his " old friend, *Buonaparte*, can forgive *Berthier*. Let him come."

August 27. The murder's out—*Junius is at last discovered!* and, strange to say, never once scented. Months ago I mentioned, that at a party-conciliation dinner given by Mr. Whitbread in 1805, at which Mr. Fox, Mr. Canning, Lord Grenville, and my father were present, Lord Grenville emphatically declared, "*I know the real* "*Junius*—but the secret will not transpire in my life time." In answer to a question of Mr. Canning, his lordship replied, "He is "not any of the persons suspected—his name has never been coupled "in any way with Junius's." Sir Philip Francis—one of the party —was not then mentioned.

I've myself been a bit of a Junius hunter, and have for some time taken a place among the foremost of the *Franciscans*. No merely circumstantial evidence could shake my faith in Francis' identity. It appears, however, that I lack His Holiness the Pope's prerogative of infallibility, and that I was mistaken in affiliating the Junius Letters to Sir Philip Francis. So at least my fat friend, Lord Nugent, tells me. Nugent is burstingly big with the secret, and I am burstingly big to get possession of it. My longing, I'm sorry to say, is not likely to be very soon gratified. Wish I heard nothing about the matter, and that the "precious documents," as Chandos calls them, had reposed some time longer in peaceful dust. The simple history of the discovery is—that some six weeks ago, as Lord Nugent and his Grace of Buckingham were private paper hunting in the Stowe Library, they lit upon a parcel studiously concealed in a—to them—unknown recess. The parcel contained three letters: one from Junius under his fictitious signature; another to George Grenville asking for legal advice as to the risk of publishing the letter to the King, *with the real name;* and a third, enclosing Junius's letter to Lord Mansfield, with the author's initials. References are made in the last to a letter from George Grenville to the author. The duke went off post haste to Dropmore with the parcel. Lord Grenville at once recognised it, and declared his intention of providing for the publicity of the documents after his death---but not till then. At his request, the duke and Lord Nugent have pledged themselves to silence till that event shall have taken place; and thus I, and all others interested in the matter, are forced to stifle our curiosity as well as we can. Curiosity is a questionable phrase here—it smacks of Eve and Eve's daughters. I care not who wrote the letters; but I wish to know, as a curious chapter in the history of the human mind, the motives which impelled the great libeller in the first instance to write those matchless productions at such an expence of time and trouble; and which urged him to conceal himself when the storm had passed over, and when the fame of those letters was far more than a counterbalance to the risk of the discovery. After all, I fear I shall not have a hundred years to wait for the gathering of the noble statesman to the last mansion of his

fathers. When I last saw his lordship---just at the rising of Parliament---he was not able to assist himself into the chair in which he is dragged about the grounds of Dropmore, and was exhausted by the pleasurable excitement which Mr. Canning's elevation afforded him. "He ought to have been thus twenty years ago---as Lord "Wellesley and I wished; but better late than never." By the way, though much affected, I could not help smiling at his Armenian costume---quite a la Jean Jacques. "No great symptom "of longevity," says Bacon, "that of men advancing in years sud- "denly *changing their habits*, and assuming in their stead new and "fantastic habiliments," &c. Lord Grenville is one of my favorites. I look on him as the last of the Romans---of the great landmarks in the history of British statesmen---of the oaks of the forest, who have left nothing but twigs and sickly saplings to succeed them. To be sure we've a race of wonderful men springing up---Mr. Wilmot Horton! Mr. Spring Rice! Mr. John Calcraft! Mr. Robert Peel! Mr. John Wilks! Mr. George Dawson! for instance, in the one chamber; and the Marquis of Londonderry, and Lord Ellenborough, and Lord Winchelsea, and the Duke of Rutland, &c. &c. in the other. These are the colossal names in intellect and modesty--- these are the *statesmen* who will be admired *when* the Burkes, and the Pitts, and the Foxes, and the Windhams, and the Cannings, and the Chathams, and Camdens, and Mansfields, and Grenvilles, shall have been forgotten. O! tempora---Oh! mores.

Sept. 3. What awkard predicaments my friend Goderich's precipitate conduct places himself and (what is worse) others in! I must not permit him to act so inconsiderately. He was very near breaking up the Cabinet, (though the last man in the world that would wish to do so) from his precipitate overtures to Mr. Herries; and has again placed poor Tom Courtenay of the Control, and Mr. Herries, and Frankland Lewis, in a very embarrassing situation. Without consulting his colleagues, he nominates Courtenay one of the Treasury Secretaries (salary £4000 per annnm---not a bad thing); this the Whig associates wont listen to; what is to be done? Why poor Courtenay, with his *sixteen* children, must still vegetate in his old office, on £1700 a-year; and, as a kind of cordial for the disappointment, Mr. Courtenay's name is put on the Civil List for (exclusive of Exchequer fees) £300 *per annum*. My noble friend is evidently ashamed of himself, for, on introducing yesterday Frankland Lewis to Herries, as the secretary instead of Tom Courtenay, he bolted from the room instanter, and left it to themselves, to explain as they might the occasion of their meeting. Must have been a droll scene—but still "too bad." Frankland Lewis, it appears, is Lord Lansdowne's man: why, the noble marquis seems determined to fill up every office with his own followers. Sent poor Spencer Perceval, without any ceremony, indeed without any courtesy, to the right about, in a Corunna retreat time, to make room for that profound legislator, Mr. Spring Rice, M. P. for the city of Limerick, first commentator on the treaty of Limerick; second wearer of the

gloves of Limerick; third son-in-law of the Earl of Limerick, and, of course, connected by marriage with all the little masters and misses Limerick! God save the King.

4. Read the Edinburgh Review—"under existing circum-"stances," not a very bad number; less cant than usual, but the usual quantity of pompous dulness. The Edinburgh I think has rallied, since the Westminster started—nevertheless, is a very inferior concern, compared with itself. Jeffrey seems to be a man of no taste—though he wrote on the subject in *Napier's Supplement*. Only think of him offering me but nine guineas a sheet for a very able article on the *First Argument* of the Iliad, and that, too, while he was paying Brougham ten or twelve for his endless stuff about Education, and Mulatto evidence! Squeak Wynn never recovered the insult of six pounds for his lucubrations in India affairs, and the Burmese War. The Quarterly pay better; from twenty to thirty guineas, so as the high Tory seasoning is good and pungent. Canning wrote for it, so did Huskisson, and so does Wilson Croker: Peel sent an article—so good, not since printed. Of the ministers now in office, only Dudley and Ward, and Charles Grant, have written for the Edinburgh. Spring Rice would wish you to believe he did—in the same way that Wilmott Horton *denies*, sua sponte, that he wrote such and such articles. Brougham's articles are like himself, ugly, knock-kneed, *slender*, bitter, and ungraceful. John Williams wrote two papers on the Court of Chancery—half a page of which, Sir Harry Halford recommends, with great success, in desperate cases that defy the powers of opium, and other *morphities*. The Quarterly has fallen off wofully, though it still, betimes, asserts its classical pre-eminence. What side of politics will it take, I wonder, now? Lockhart I know would heart and soul attack the Whigs, and their allies; but is restrained by Murray's "moderate" fears, and "mutual concession" apprehension. I don't like the Westminster, though it contains more nerve and muscle than either of its contemporaries; and has one contributor of, at least, as much weight and substance as any six of the Edinburgh and Quarterly scribes—namely, James Mill, a very superior man, but harsh and crabbed in his style and philosophy. The great defect of the Westminster (I'm speaking now solely in a *literary* sense) is its vulgar, democratic, arrogant style. Utility being the only end its writers profess to have in view, and demonstration and experience the only source whence they profess to derive their opinions and arguments, they reject, with disdain, all adventitious aids to attaining the one, and enforcing the other, as unworthy of "philosophers" and "political economists." Hence their neglect of, nay, aversion to elegance of style, and rhetorical embellishments; and hence, too, their masculinity and out-and-outness, so different from the puerile declamation of the Quarterly, and the time-serving, moderate Whig sophistry of the Edinburgh. Cam Hobhouse is, I believe, the only *gentleman* that writes for it; the rest are Jeremy Bentham's tradesmen and amanuenses. M'Culloch has, I perceive, started a new paradox, I was going to say new absurdity, in the last

Blue and Yellow. It was always supposed, that the low wages of foreign "operatives," gave the foreign manufacturer an advantage in the market of the world, over the English workman, who, from the high taxes and high price of necessaries, was necessarily paid in high wages; it was, as a consequence, concluded, that if the British manufacturer did not excel all others in the dexterity of his workmen, the excellence of his machinery, and in the quantity and quality of his capital, he could not cope with the foreigner with his low wages. Professor M'Culloch declares all this to be an "erroneous prejudice," and "*proves conclusively*, that instead of our high wages laying our "manufactures under any disadvantage, as compared with foreigners, "their effect *must be distinctly and completely the reverse.*" And what is this conclusive proof?—Simply, that *high* wages induce *low* profits (a partially true principle), and "*therefore* low prices:—and vice versa---

"My wound is great, because it is so small."

Therefore, said the witty duke,

"It would be greater---if 'twere none at all."

So with the Professor. Commerce, he says, is favored by the low profits induced by high wages: *therefore* it would be more favored by the lower profits induced by still higher wages, and *therefore* it would be most favored by the lowest profits (none at all) induced by the highest wages, and *therefore* the less return a manufacturer procures for his capital, the richer he is, and the more induced to compete with the foreigner who ignorantly supposes that the greater his profits the more advantageous his trade, and the greater his inducements to extend it. This may go down as logic and Political Economy, and "conclusive proof," at the New London University; but I question if the most enlightened of the Professor's merchant pupils will be persuaded by it that the traffic in which there is the lowest profit, is that the most advantageous for him to embark in. I am aware of the tendency of low prices to increase consumption; but Mr. M'Culloch does not rest his argument of the advantage of high wages to the man paying them, on that principle, and therefore I am not called upon to take it into calculation.

7. Huge sport, as Pepys says in his Diary, in Downing Street. Lord Lansdowne wants to bring in nolens volens Lord Holland as Foreign Secretary; but my friend Dudley wont budge an inch—though he took office provisionally to oblige Mr. Canning. Cajoling and threatening are equally inefficacious; there he is, and there he'll remain. This is "mighty pleasant" sport to me, who first recommended Dudley to the Foreign Secship; and since prevented his leaving it. He says he likes the trouble—it employs his mind---though twelve months ago he declared to me, that the *summum bonum* of life was to have nothing to do but mount horse, and leave it to the groom to choose the road. Lord Holland (for whom I have a great respect) most anxious to come in: offers to take any Cabinet office---even the Woods and Forests! This certainly is a great

humbling of terms. I'd have no objection to let him in---but certainly not as Foreign Secretary He is too bellicsus by half, and would have the country engaged in Anti-Bourbon war in six months. See Arbuthnot has got 300*l.* per annum on the Civil List instead of his late residence.

8. I've said that Mr. Canning's death would be an epoch in the history of British eloquence---that in fact every thing deserving the name of oratory in the Senate has expired with him. Important and obvious as is the fact, it is not wholly explained by the woeful dearth of high intellect which both Houses of Parliament now unfortunately exhibit. This absence of oratorical genius, I take it, only *hastens* an epoch which the circumstances of the times would have speedily brought about, even though Mr. Canning had been surrounded at the close of his career by as many orators as inspired him at its commencement. Nor is the cause of this difficult of explanation. The circumstances of the times are changed: there is less demand for the wares of the mere orator, as his influence upon the *votes* of his auditors is diminished, if not altogether destroyed---in other words, there are less motives to eloquence. We have long declared ourselves to be the most thinking nation in the world: we undoubtedly are the wealthiest and the most civilized. The four quarters of the earth are tributary to our commerce; and we lead the race in the march of intellect. Quæ regio in terris, &c. &c. The consequences are plain and inevitable. Our rhetoric, as well as ethics, is gleaned from the pages of Cocker; and we estimate eloquence as we do honor, by the rule of three. The chair of eloquence—like that of the Whig Club---is filled by the highest bidder: the figures of Blair and Quintilian are superseded by those of the Accountant General. Edmund Burke's passionate invectives and splendid imagery would weigh little now against one of Mr. Huskisson's balance-sheet statements; the "monarch voice" of Lord Chatham would be smothered under a pile of Official Returns. But this is not all. Speech is addressed either to the passions or to the reason of mankind, according as its end is to persuade or convince; and it will necessarily be rhetorical, bold, and figurative, or plain and matter-of-fact, as its occasion, or the circumstances by which the speaker is surrounded, induce the one, or demand the other. The more enlightened the auditors---or rather the more general, abstract, and illocal the topics of discussion---the less can the discourse be addressed to the passions; while, on the contrary, the more local and personal the subjects at issue, the more will the passions and sympathies of our nature be likely to be engaged and inflamed. Now, leaving the nature of the audience for the present out of the question, the intelligent reader need not be told that the subjects which engaged the attention of the orators of Ancient Greece and Rome were, when the result was high eloquence, invariably of a local and personal nature---that is, that the occasions which exercised their powers, were those admitting most aptly---indeed necessarily---and therefore most happily, of those heart-

stirring appeals to the passions which are the only sources of sublime oratory. What are the orations of Demosthenes and the Romans, but so many attacks and defences of *persons*? Or what topics so pregnant with moral interest---with associations of a personal and local nature---or so likely to bring forth that *ardor animi* which Cicero declared to be at once the source and charm of his art---as the aggressions of the Macedonians, the defences of the Olynthians, the cruelty of Verres, the conspiracy of Catiline, and above all, the oration for the Crown? Hence the utility of "party" in ministering public questions with a personal and local interest. Hence the apathy and indifference with which Burke's rhetorical essays were *listened* to; and hence the interest of the Fox and Pitt speeches on the French Revolution, and its consequences, and the superior influence of mere *disserti* over the merely eloquent. Hence, too, the enthusiastic effects that followed some of Mr. Canning's happiest efforts. For *efforts* they were---that is, the result of study and labor of thought, and painstaking delivery---without which, there never was, nor never will be, any thing transcendant in intellect. To that labor, and to that study, we are indebted for the most perfect eloquence of the nineteenth century---for speeches manly yet graceful, English yet classical, in which is to be seen the rare union of poetical ornament with propriety---of fastidious correctness with elevation---of the "lenitas ac vehementia" Græcorum with the Ciceronian "unctior quædam ac splendidior consuetudo loquendi;" all heated and brightened by an overflowing *aura* of vit, and playful fancy, and unartificial gentlemanly feeling. The extraordinary care and pains he took in polishing his speeches, is well known; and will no doubt be duly illustrated in the forthcoming edition of his speeches. I question if Burke himself changed and altered so much, or pruned so much here, or added so much there. I've now before me the third proof correction of a comparatively uninteresting speech---that made in 1824 on the Slave Trade; and yet in the third correction many alterations have been made, some to the extent of a whole paragraph, and others merely as to the insertion or abrasion of a comma, or altering a semicolon to a colon---evidently a favorite mode of punctuation. The more I look at the proof, the more I discover the extraordinary and minute care with which he revised it, and the more I despair of being able to at all describe it. In the first page he deles a comma that had been placed at the word "pursued" in the following member of a sentence: "and of the course which has been *pursued* by His Majesty's Government." Further on he puts the mark of more room to two words which lay too near each other. Page 2, the chief (I could not give a tithe of the whole) alterations is the following, which I give in its third and fourth dresses. The words in italics are those changed.

3rd correction.

"The concurrence of the House in the resolutions of last year, has considerably narrowed the ground of dispute; *and* I

4th correction.

"The concurrence of the House in the Resolutions of last year, has considerably narrowed the ground of dispute: I hope

hope I shall not be considered as misrepresenting the collective sense of Parliament, and the general feeling of the *empire*, when I *describe* that sense and feeling *to have been* an unequivocal *acknowledgement of the dreadful nature of* Slavery in the abstract, *and* of the hopeless difficulty of curing all its horrors; but a determination, nevertheless to look the evil in the face, and to *steadfastly endeavour* to apply to it such remedies as might mitigate if they were not powerful enough to extinguish it. *The* repeated sanctions of the Legislature, the settled right of inheritance, and the various ramifications of property and of interest growing out of *that inheritance*, create impediments," &c. &c.

I shall not be considered as misrepresenting the collective sense of Parliament, and the general feeling of the *country*, when I *ascribe that sense and feeling* to an unequivocal *abhorrence* of Slavery in the abstract; *and an acknowledgment* of the hopeless difficulty of curing all its horrors; but a determination, nevertheless to look the evil in the face, and to *endeavour steadfastly* to apply to it such remedies as might mitigate if they were not powerful enough to extinguish it. *But* the repeated sanctions of the Legislature, the settled right of inheritance, and the various ramifications of property and of interest growing out of *them*, create impediment-," &c. &c.

In page 3, the chief alterations are cutting away superfluous phrases, and substituting the term "employer," instead of "master," as the correlative of slave.

In page 4, the chief corrections are those which, for brevity sake, I will give in parentheses. "If I have any partial feeling at "all arising from the habits of my early life, it is *(one strongly)* "favorable to the cause of abolition."——"But I must be permitted "to say, that the most zealous advocates of the *Slave* trade, if "*indeed* they entertained this intention, studiously concealed it: "nay, not only concealed, but denied any *notion of promoting what* "*was continually* represented by their adversaries as the natural and "necessary *end* of the success of abolition"---Thus corrected: "But I must be permitted to say, that the most zealous advocates of "the trade, if they entertained this intention, studiously concealed "it: nay, not only concealed, but denied any *intention of aiming at* "*an object which indeed* represented as the natural and necessary "*consequence* of the success of abolition."

"If I am asked, whether I am for the permanent existence of "slavery in our colonies? I say, NO.---If I am asked whether I am "*favorable* to its immediate abolition? I say, NO."—Corrected—"If "I am asked, whether I am for the permanent existence of slavery "in our colonies? I say, No.---*But*, if I am asked, whether I am for "its immediate abolition? I say, No." Again: "Not only may the "individual slave be set free, but his *station* may be ultimately "abolished"---Thus: "Not only may the individual slave, &c. &c. "but his *very status* may be ultimately abolished."

In page 5, the five commas in the following member of a sentence are deled: "The other, and larger class, have *Legislative Assem-* "*blies*, framed, in miniature, after those of the Mother Country." "An *experiment* may be *tried*," is altered to, "An *example* may "be *set*."

In page 7, the religious establishment for the Negro is thus treated of:---"This establishment *will*, though founded on the prin- "ciples of the National Church, not exclude all other denominations "of Christians. The authority and the discipline will be lodged, "*where, according to the constitution it must be lodged, in the*

" *National Church, but there will be no disposition to discourage the* " *humble laborers of the Christian faith*"—twice altered by him in this third proof. The words in a parenthesis *not* retained in his last correction. " This establishment, though founded on the principles " of the *National Church, will* not exclude other denominations of " Christians. The authority and discipline of the National Church, " will be lodged in *(two) Bishops to be residents in the colonies,* (but " there will be no disposition to discourage the humble laborers " of the Christian faith, or to *bring them under any vexatious* " *restrictions.*)"

The part included in the following parenthesis, not retained in the last revisal. " Under this arrangement, the competency of a " Slave to give evidence, will not be judged by subjecting him to " *(an examination to ascertain his fitness, at the moment);*---an exami- " nation, probing his intellect to the quick," &c. &c.

Mr. Canning's respect for, and anxiety to stand well with, the West India Committee, is evident throughout his speech. In page 9, he thus softens an offensive passage : " Heretofore the restraints " on granting manumissions, *arising from a settled dislike of the* " *practice,* were extremely numerous : but these are now consider- " ably reduced; several taxes and imposts have been removed in " different colonies, and in others a like disposition has been mani- " fested. The Order in Council, however, goes beyond what has " been *the general practice in most* of the colonies"---Thus softened : " Heretofore the restraints on granting manumissions were extremely " numerous : but these are now considerably reduced, &c. &c. The " Order in Council, however, goes beyond what has been *hitherto at* " *all generally practised* in the colonies."

A passage (in page 10) which I distinctly remember hearing Mr. Canning utter, is thus pruned and altered in his last corrections.

It stood thus, as spoken, in the 3rd proof.

" The slave would view the freedom which was thus placed in prospect before him, as *an infant views any object of desire,* without the faculty of calculating the distance which separates him from it. To hold out the prospect *then would do no good. It would only* create dissatisfaction in the present race of slaves. It would render their actual existence intolerable, and *afford them but little compensation from the expectations of the future. Might it not be galling, rather than consoling to the parent, to know that his child was destined to enjoy the inestimable blessing from which he himself was shut out?*"

Last correction.

" The slave would view the freedom which was thus placed in prospect before him, as an infant views any object of desire, without the faculty of calculating the distance which separates him from it. To hold out the prospect, *for a future generation, might* create desperate factions in the present race of slaves, *and* render their actual existence intolerable."

Page 11.

" I am fully persuaded that freedom, when acquired under the regulations prescribed by Government, will be a more delightful, as well as a more safe and a more stable possession, than if it were the *gift of a sudden enactment.*"

" I am fully persuaded that freedom, when acquired under the regulations prescribed by government, will be a more delightful, as well as a more safe, and a more stable possession, than if it were *bestowed by sudden acclamation.*"

"Too much cookery spoils the broth," is a classical axiom to which, I take it, the late Premier himself, with all his taste, was not at all times an exception. The force of the following happy (but after all schoolboy) quotation is, to my apprehension, much weakened by the interpolation of his last correction. I will give the passage in its original and last form. Mr. Canning is speaking of the wisdom of not using the transcendental power of Parliament to quell the turbulence of some refractory colonists.

3rd proof.

"That transcendental power is an *arcanum* of empire which ought to be kept back within the *penetralia* of the Constitution. It exists, but it should be veiled. It should not be produced upon trifling occasions, or in cases of petty refractoriness and temporary misconduct. It should be brought forward only in the utmost extremity of the state, when other remedies have failed to stay the raging of some moral or political pestilence. Undoubtedly, sir, it would be easy to select passages from the Jamaica Gazettes, which according to all legitimate inference and reasoning, ought to put Parliament in a towering passion: but I must confess that upon a moment's reflection, I find my indignation restrained by the *powerlessness* (*insignificance*) of the body from whom the *offence* came, compared with the omnipotence of that to which it is offered. The consciousness of superior strength disarms the spirit of resentment. I could revenge, but I would much rather reclaim.

"Quos ego---sed motos præstat componem fluctus."

Last revisal.

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"Quos ego---sed motos præstat componem fluctus."

(The words in a parenthesis were written but blotted by him.)

In general, however, he errs more on the side of pruning than of interpolation. I cannot for the soul of me see any reason for the following omissions---the parts printed in italics. "I entreat gen-" tlemen will reflect, that any conflict on this subject in this House " will not be merely a war of words. *It must prove practically inju-* " *rious to the cause of those in whose behalf the warmth is kindled.*" (A most important fact---yet strangely left out by him in his last corrections.) "If this night's debate should be angry and intem-" perate, the inferences drawn from it elsewhere will be fatal " to the peace of the Colonies. False hopes will be excited among " the slaves, *which must be followed by disappointment;* and a spirit " of resistance will be engendered among the Planters, which *will*

" *create the very obstacles of which it resents the imputation.* Im-
" provement in the lot of the Negro will thus be placed at a greater
" distance than ever; and the lives and properties of the White
" Population of the Colonies will be placed in hazard and jeopardy."
Again: " But let it not be forgotten, that our debates are read with
" avidity in the Colonies by the different classes in which this prin-
" ciple is working in full force; and *that it is impossible for us to*
" *calculate the effects of such statements, acting upon materials, so*
" *inflammable, and at a distance which precludes explanation.*" Why
omit those passages which are printed in italics? Are they not of
equal importance and excellence with those retained? Is there any
retraction of hasty expressions in this, or any conciliating every
body and nobody?

His changes in the collocation of a sentence were very frequent, and always improvements. Take the following examples:

" No Gentleman comes into this House to take part in *the discussion of* this question, who is not some way or other, more or less connected with individuals whose *whole property* is involved in the *decision.*"

Corrected.

" No Gentleman comes into this House to take *part in this question*, who is not some way or other, more or less connected with individuals whose *all* is involved in the *discussion.*"

" *The House will not be surprised*, when they consider how many delicate points of national pride, of maritime law and maritime right are touched by such a proposition, that it has been by no means cordially received. By France it has been more than once rejected altogether. But it is with no small feeling of gratification that I am now enabled to state to the House that many days have not elapsed since a treaty was signed by my Right Hon. Friend near me, the President of the Board of Trade, and a Right Hon. Relation of mine, *our* minister to the United States of America, *on the part of this country*, with the American minister in London, by which Great Britain and the United States made to each other, under certain regulations and restrictions, this long sought right of visit."

" *When it is considered* how many delicate points of national pride, of maritime law and maritime right, are touched by such a proposition, the *House will not be surprised* that it has been by no means cordially received. By France it has been more than once rejected altogether. But it is with no small feeling of gratification that I am now enabled to state to the House that many days have not elapsed since a Treaty was signed, *on the part of this country*, by my Right Hon. Friend near me, the President of the Board of Trade, a Right Hon. Relation, *His Majesty's* Minister to the United States of America, *and on the part of the United States by* the American Minister in London, by which *Treaty* Great Britain and the Government of the United States concede *mutually* to each other, under certain regulations and restrictions this long-sought right of visit."

One other example, and I have done.

" I trust that the realization of this arrangement between the contracting parties, will not be the *termination of its benefits*; for *when Europe sees* the two greatest maritime nations in the world,---the two Nations, I mean, who by the extent of their commercial navies expose the widest *mark for* the operation of this new law,---so far compromise their deeply rooted prejudices, as to *act together for the accomplishment of such a purpose, Europe*

" I trust that the realization of this arrangement between the contracting parties, will not be the *limit of beneficial operation*; for when the two greatest maritime nations in the world,---the two Nations I mean, who, by the extent of their commercial navies, expose the widest *surface to* the operation of this new law,---so far compromise their maritime pride, and subdue their deeply rooted prejudices, as to *submit themselves to each other's vigilance and*

cannot but feel that in any future discussions for the universal abolition of the Slave Trade, the joint *remonstrances* of Great Britain and America may be employed with *no small* force and grace and consistency, to induce other nations to *accede to this* truly virtuous and beneficent Confederacy."

enquiry; it surely may be hoped that in any future discussions for the universal abolition of the Slave Trade, the joint *representations of* Great Britain and America may be employed with *peculiar* force and grace and consistency, to induce other *nations* to *lay aside all feelings of repugnance which may stand in the way of their accession* to this *so* truly virtuous and beneficent *a* confederacy."

I have three other speeches, but must for the present desist. I'm fatigued from the labor of transcribing. Reader---young studious intelligent reader---I trust you're grateful to me for this rich banquet of instruction and amusement---this happy mixture of the *utile* with the *dulci;* the rather as I've got a pain in the side (the left, just under the diaphragm, and less than a quarter of a mile from the pancreas) from the act of culling it for you. Study these extracts over and over---they will be worth volumes of "Philosophies "of Rhetoric" to you; and if you are too vain to correct your crude compositions, stand rebuked before the Genius of Mr. Canning, and be convinced, that without much labor, much study, great painstaking, and reiterated versions and trials, no man can lay claim to the admiration of contemporaries---not to say the suffrages of posterity,---by his efforts in literature.

LOVE AFTER DEATH.

Gone! is the smile that once lighten'd my way,
Gone! is the eye whose each look was a ray,
Gone! is the heart so unchanging and true,
Gone! is the lip which to mine fondly flew.

Cold! is the brow on which love had oft spoken,
Cold! is the cheek, and each beauty-line broken,
Cold! is the hand which to mine trembling stole,
Cold! is each nerve that once thrill'd with the soul.

Dead! grows this heart to the world's garish splendour,
To the smile of the gay, and the sigh of the tender;
To the sorrower's tear, and the scorner's rude laughter;
Dead! to all hope, save of meeting hereafter.

Review.

A Course of Elementary Reading on Science and Literature, compiled from popular writers, for the use of Circus Place School. By. J. M. M'Culloch, A. M. Head Master of Circus Place School.

"The following pages," says Mr. M'Culloch, "have been compiled under the impression, that a class-book for an initiatory school should consist of lessons on useful subjects, *rather than of rhetorical passages.* Under this impression, the compiler has admitted into his pages only such lessons as he thought fitted to stimulate juvenile curiosity, and store the mind with useful knowledge."

Nothing can be more consistent with our notions of the proper object of a "Class-book," than those here propounded by M'Culloch. In "Enfield's Speaker," "Walker's Reader," and a variety of other works of a similar description, the most splendid examples of poetry are presented to the young student, without connexion or explanation, and the inevitable result is, that he becomes acquainted with the words, without the slightest knowledge of the meaning. The greatest misfortune is, that his relish for these passages is spoiled for ever, for in after-times, when his understanding and feelings are sufficiently expanded, so as to be capable of enjoying them, they are become wearisome from familiarity. How many of our readers must have experienced this, and had to lament too early an acquaintance with "Hamlet's Soliloquy," and "The Speech of Marc Antony to the Romans,"---passages which he has learned, perhaps, to spout, but the meaning of which was so little appreciated by him when first forced upon his notice, that even in later times the words sound to him without the power of conveying any definite idea. A Class-book, therefore, which should exclude such rhetorical extracts, and give of poetry that, which excellent of its kind, is easily understood; and of prose, such extracts as may convey in themselves instruction and amusement, would deserve, from any judicious instructor, no ordinary welcome, and this is what our author *professes* to give us. What, however, will our readers think, when after this promise, to give only such lessons as might "stimulate juvenile curiosity, or store the mind with useful knowledge," the second lesson consists of a most sentimental address to the sun-dial, by Bernard Barton---a poem of considerable beauty, but which we pronounce to be utterly incomprehensible by any child under fifteen years of age; and indeed of such a nature, that it would be obscure even to very mature lovers and students of poetry! The essence of the thought is essentially poetic; it is, that the poet loves better to trace the progress of time by the sun-dial, than by the ticking of a clock, or the sand of the hour-glass,---because, while the latter are vulgar means of notation invented by man, the former derives its shadowy sign from heaven. Our readers will feel at once, that this is the merest dream of a poet, which it requires a very considerable acquaintance with poetry, and no small capabilities of feeling and reflection, for any one to appreciate; to a *child*, its merit or meaning would be perfectly nugatory and unattainable; nor is the obscurity or fancifulness of the main idea rendered by any means more comprehensible by simplicity in its developement; on the contrary, it abounds with metaphorical expressions and epithets, which darken

what is already dark; and are accumulated with a profusion that must still further embarrass the young reader's mind. It is, in fact, the very reverse of that sort of poetry which can either attract a young mind, or awaken its taste; not because it is devoid of merit, but because it is unsuited to the sphere of a child's ideas.

Passing on the prose, which is generally well selected, and in conformity with our ideas and the author's premises, we come next to a passage from Spenser, entitled "The Ministry of Angels," beginning in the following abrupt manner:---

> "And is there care in heaven, and is there love
> In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
> That may compassion of their evils move?"

This is highly poetical, and what is more, extremely *rhetorical*.

Our chief objection, however, to this as an exercise for reading is, that from the very construction of the sentences, it requires explanation. It is an *extract* from a poem, and requires a knowledge of the context to enable the child, either readily to catch its meaning, or appreciate its beauty; otherwise the extract would be a good one, since it is a very lively embodying of a notion, which all children must have some idea of;—that the angels of God interfere in the affairs of the earth, is a notion familiar to them, from the perusal of their Bibles; however grand, therefore, the original idea, having once received it, there is no objection to its being again presented to them.

Our objections may be minute, but they are called for, in order to show the inconsistency of the compiler with his own professions, and also as embodying, in some degree, some of those principles which should, we apprehend, be attended to, in the selection of reading exercises for children, whether to be collected in works like that which we are reviewing, or to be made by parents or teachers from their own judgments. Having taken only the first two of the poetical extracts of the author, we find that they are made in contradiction of two distinct rules ---which we here lay down.

Reading exercises for children, should be such as are easily understood.

They should not be mere fragments, but contain rather themselves a beginning, a middle, and an end.

The third poetical extract is liable to the same objection as the second: it is a fragment, and requires the context.---Fancy, for a moment, a child bursting forth with, "*For thou* wast born of woman,"---the impassioned commencement of Milman's elaborate address to the Saviour. The full beauty of this can only be enjoyed by an acquaintance with the preceding passages of the poem. It is perfect cruelty to deprive the child of the pleasure which he would receive by reading this exquisite passage in its proper place.

The next extract is Campbell's beautiful description of the "Fall of "Poland:"---we do not know that there is any other objection to this, than its abruptness of the commencement, necessarily occasioned by its disruption from the body of the poem. For this case, however, the awkwardness might be obviated, with very great effect, by an addition, which we strongly recommend to Mr. M'Culloch's attention. Why should not the preceding prose article have been a brief prose narrative of the circumstances of the partition of Poland—the heroism of Kosciusko,—and the destruction of Prague? The pupil so aided, would come to the perusal of one of the most brilliant passages of modern poetry, with an interest awakened by a previous acquaintance with the events and personages referred to, and it is scarcely necessary to say, how much more

readily he would feel the force and vivacity of the poetical description. This, we can assure him, is a hint not to be sneered at, even by persons of a much older growth than those for whose benefit the present remarks are made.

Our third remark, therefore, is, that wherein the extract does not "tell "its own story," a brief introduction should be prefixed. It would be wearisome to go through all the poetical passages, as we must necessarily only repeat our observations. Lord Byron's Song, "The Isles of Greece," is utterly unsuited to children; and it is strange to find it introduced as a *reading* exercise in a work, the preface of which deprecates the attempt to make children fine readers before their mental powers have been exercised. The selections from Shakespeare, pp. 54 and 55, would be as incomprehensible to students, as a page of Greek written in English characters. The beautiful stanzas on the burial of Sir John Moore, would be very advantageously preceded by Southey's description of the battle of Corunna and death of the hero.

Herbert Knowles's "Verses in the Church-yard of Richmond," are liable to almost every objection that we have yet had occasion to make; and, in short, on looking through about fifty selections made by this gentleman, who is averse to the introduction of rhetorical passages, there are not above ten which are not most peculiarly of that class which he could avoid. "The Moonlight Scene at Venice," by Byron; "Aspirations "of Youth;" "The Better Land; "The Cast-away Ship," and a few more, are of the right sort, because they are complete in themselves—they relate to sensible objects—they are poetical without being mystical—and embody ideas which, although elevated, are not beyond a child's comprehension or following.

Having thus pointed out the author's departure from his own system, in his poetical extracts, it is pleasing to us to be able to give him almost unqualified praise for the selections from the prose writers. These extracts are striking, entertaining, and what they profess to be, useful; the child will learn to think, and will be acquiring knowledge, while he learns to read. In the rhetorical passages, however, we would suggest the addition of an explanation of the words "Universal Emancipation," to Curran's animated rhapsody on the subject; and also of the nature of the British Law with regard to it. The interest would also be materially increased, were Cowper's lines, which are supposed to be the origin of this passage, and which commences, we believe—"Slaves cannot breathe in England." The beauty of the sentiment will be most exquisitely heightened by an accurate knowledge of the truth on which it is founded.

Of the exercises of the inflections which precede the "Course of "Reading," we have but one observation to make—that they seem founded rather on the Scotch mode of accentuation than the English; but these rules cannot be understood without vocal illustration, and must be so accompanied. This necessity renders them less amenable to criticism. The appendix of the prefixes, affixes, and principal Latin and Greek roots of the English language, is useful and properly placed.

The remarks which we have made on this work, are founded on our own experience; and as such we offer them to Mr. M'Culloch. We highly approve of his design, and the execution of it, as far as the prose is concerned; but we earnestly recommend him to make a new selection of poetical passages, upon his own ideas; with this alteration, we should recommend his new course of reading as the best that we have seen.

The Cook and Housekeeper's Manual. By Mrs. Margaret Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronans.

In the days of our ancestors, books of instruction on the ordinary affairs of life scarcely existed, and were not wanted; the initiatory precepts and common rules of every useful art, descended from generation to generation by oral tradition, and its practitioner dreamt not of appealing to other authority, till his attainment already surpassed the common standard, and he became a candidate for the highest honors of his craft;---books now are the companions of children; then, they were awful things, not made to teach the ignorant, but to perfect the learned; works of medicine chiefly referred to difficult and uncommon cases; and works on cookery to luxurious and complicated dishes. A knowledge of the practical mysteries of the kitchen, was a component part of the education of our great great grandmothers, and manuals for their edification, always pre-supposed a certain degree of proficiency; hence, even the best of them were incomplete, formed on no plan, and nearly useless to those by whom they were most wanted: as the necessity for books increased their readers, this defect was partially remedied; but still the defect of them all was, that they had no introduction, no beginning, and no legitimate end. Whatever might be promised in the prefaces to some other very praiseworthy publications, Dr. Kitchiner's valuable work, entitled "The Cook's Oracle," although so lately written, was the first given to the English public, truly and actually containing the rudiments of the culinary art, laid down on simple and scientific principles, and proceeding in due order to its more complicated perfections; and it was the first containing receipts which might be worked on by the uninitiated with any certainty of producing the desired result: he has shed so clear a light on this matter, that the dark style, we are convinced, is now for ever banished from our kitchen libraries; our daughters may now, without scruples of conscience, devote themselves for a due season to the more refined and ornamental part of their education, sure, that with proper attention and practice, they may yet become good housewives, as they may if they choose learn as much on the subject in twelvemonths, as their grandmothers did in as many years.

Mrs. Dods' Manual is worthy the present enlightened age, a treasure of knowledge invitingly displayed; our critical mouths watered as we read, till we could bear no more, and rang the bell and ordered dinner to be put forward a full hour. The work is most excellent, it is written with skill and science, the receipts are full and intelligible. Those who have been used to puzzle their brains, scorch their faces, and spoil their good things, by endeavouring to cook from books, vainly endeavouring to discover among the multifarious ingredients peremptorily ordered to a composition, which were its necessary materials, and which its ad libitum ornaments, and to perceive, when too late, that the only direction indispensable to the process of preparing the whole, has been omitted in the receipt, will know how to value the praise implied in our words. The book contains a good deal of original information according to our own principles; we cannot give it a higher panegyric than to express our opinion, that it may be found equally useful to the practised and to the inexperienced cook or housekeeper; it contains ample bills of fare, and directions for the preparation of several approved French dishes.

Farming the Sick Poor.---Observations on the Necessity of establishing a different System of affording Medical Relief to the Sick Poor, than by the Practice of contracting with Medical Men, or the Farming of Parishes. By J. F. Hulbert, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. London: Longman and Co.

In a pamphlet of fifty pages, the attention of the public is energetically directed to a consideration of the accumulated evils necessarily arising from an old-established custom of *farming the poor*, on the following plan:

"The parish officers, and several of the pay-masters, being assembled, a proposition is made as regards who shall hold the office of parish surgeon for the ensuing year. If there are two or more candidates present, he who agrees to take it at the *lowest sum* is deemed the fittest person, and accordingly elected; without any regard being paid to ability, professional reputation, or what should be a leading principle, humanity of conduct."---p. 7, et seq.

This is, indeed, an alarming evil; and, in the name of common sense, let it be fairly exploded from the jurisdiction of this far-famed country! We are glad to find that the subject has already excited so much notice, especially among gentlemen of the medical profession; and we sincerely hope that they will never remit their exertions, until the final abolition of this remnant of uncharitableness and ignorance be proclaimed by the blessings of thousands, who are ready to perish. The system is not only degrading to our feelings as *men*, but it really reflects on the genius of our political economists.

"It is productive of great injury to the parish funds, by entailing expences which a different order of management would tend to prevent. The parent of a numerous family is taken ill of a complaint, in which immediate assistance would restore him to health; but that assistance is not rendered, probably from the reluctance of sending for the parish doctor *; the disease increases, and the supplies for the support of the family being either expended or insufficient, *application is made to the overseer.*"—p. 23.

These arguments are surely conclusive; but our author, entertaining a suspicion that the *facts of* the case have, somehow or other, escaped the recognition of a large proportion of the community, has entered into the most astounding details, from which we could not help turning away with disgust. He deserves our thanks, nevertheless, for his judicious exposures: we know, that on a perfect apprehension of the symptoms, their subjugation and removal principally depends; and having thus heroically (for he might have expected opposition) performed a most revolting duty, he gives us encouragement to hope, that the character of our nation may yet be rescued from the disgrace of patronizing so gigantic a nuisance. Every well-wisher of his species should acquaint himself of the contents of this pamphlet. If enough has not been said to interest his feelings, it cannot be of any avail to recommend to his perusal the "Plan "of a District Dispensary," which strikes at the root of existing evils, and is, besides, calculated to meliorate the condition of the sufferer. The ostensible object of this publication, is to recommend the general adoption

* "Suffering under numerous privations, from want of the common comforts and conveniences of life---in many instances, of proper articles of diet; and, generally speaking, of those attentions which the bed of sickness so urgently requires, &c.: and when, conjoined with these, we find that, from a knowledge of the contrast which exist between the parish---and the officers and the surgeon, the poor are reluctant in sending to the latter, *from a dread of being slighted, or treated contumeliously*, as if they were impostors, and their disorder a mere deception, &c."

of this "Plan." Our limits prevent any development of its *principle*, but it admirably deserves the encomium passed upon it, above.

One word in conclusion: our philanthropists are guilty of harboring too much suspicion; they seem to anticipate the opposition of bigotry and prejudice, with a degree of sensibility really unwarrantable. Alas! the days *have been*---thanks be to Heaven they are rapidly passing away---when to interfere with established errors, would have been deemed high treason against the genius of antiquity: but *now*, be his motive *but* pure, let him assure himself of the gratitude and concurrence of the enlightened and good!

The Traveller's Oracle, or Maxims for Locomotion. By Dr. Kitchiner. 2 *vols.* Colburn.

The nature of man is so modified by education, and by the social interests and passions which he acquires, that it is a proof of great weakness and presumption, to pronounce confidently as to his natural and inherent qualities. But from all that may be drawn from a survey of the various forms of human existence and association, we think it is not going too far to describe man as being made by nature a migratory, as well as gregarious, animal. This faculty shows itself unequivocally in the lowest degrees of civilization. Whole tribes, for no other intelligible reason, pack up their children and dried fish, and seek gratification in a change of scene and situation. In states of greater refinement, the same disposition breaks forth in new and varied aspects. The men of fortune hurry with breathless rapidity from one locality to another; while a still greater mass gratify the same natural instinct by leaving clean and comfortable residences, to bury themselves for a season in mud cabins in dirty fishing towns. My Lord is seen in his travelling carriage and four, and the whole square are pluming their wing feathers for a fly. Mrs. Dip leaves Tooley Street, and the whole Borough may be seen on Margate Pier as gay and striking as a flock of flamingoes. From this and other causes, ten thousand men, at the lowest calculation, are daily boxed up in leathern trunks, and hurried at full speed from one town and county to another. The subject, therefore, of the science of travelling is one of the most general interest, and the man who writes an "Oracle" upon the subject, deserves at least to have his work favorably considered.

Natural history does not furnish any example of so great a dissimilarity between the habits of creatures of the same class, as exists between an old experienced traveller and a green cockney one. There is about the former a characteristic air of steadiness and decision in all his operations, which finely contrasts with the hurry and perturbation of the latter. The TRAVELLER (emphasis gratiâ) is never too late nor too soon: he has only a few brief and pointed questions to ask, of which your greenhorn does not even see the bearing; his orders to porters and waiters are laconic and impressive, and like Napoleon's directions in the field, admit of no gainsay or question; he never consults appearance in his dress or accoutrements; he eats and drinks of those things which nobody else would even think of, but when mentioned, immediately strike on the imagination as being the most apt to the occasion of all created things; guards and coachmen respect his decision, and almost go to the devil when he bids them; landlords recognise his footstep, and chambermaids are awed into submission as he selects his sleeping room.

Meanwhile the greenhorn is perpetually in a vaporing, nugatory

bustle: he asks a thousand irrelevant questions, which no one gives himself the trouble to answer; he calls for eatables which an inn cannot furnish, or only of the worst possible kind; he is fanciful and foppish in his dress, to the annihilation of comfort; he quails before a coachman's half-muttered oath, and gives him the other shilling; allows his own carriage, if he travel in one, to be placed where the pole of the first post-chaise which arrives annihilates the door pannel; his servant gets drunk in the tap, while his horses are unfed in the stable, and then wonders when one of them dies on the road next day; gets put in a frowsy bed over a stable, for want of a previous survey; in fine, becomes the scorn of chambermaids, and the bye-word and proverb of ostlers and stable boys!

The book before us, of which we shall give a brief account, though by no means all that could be desired, contains a great deal of very careful and pertinent information. Any man having ordinary capacity after perusing it, might even without that best oracle, experience, start upon a journey, and carry himself very creditably by its dictation. It is altogether a strange medley of conceit and matter of fact, wisdom and fatuity.

"INTRODUCTION.---Travelling is attended with pleasure and profit, also privations—Persons who have never travelled, imagine great dangers—Ignorance and idleness make every thing terrible—You may be drowned and break your neck at home as well as abroad—A traveller may die intestate, therefore make your will—Wills and codicils must have three witnesses—But buy the Art of Invigorating Life by the same author, and see the chapter on the Pleasures of making a Will."

"GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON TRAVELLING.---Travelling cures the spleen and hypochondriasis, and benefits all who have a lack of domestic felicity---Sedentary people should not undertake long journeys suddenly---Beware of colds---Best travelling in summer---Winter is more dismal---Personal cleanliness necessary when travelling---A clean skin next to a clear conscience---KEEP THE SABBATH---Be patient, and affable, and agreeable---Be punctual in writing to your friends; and if you do not get an answer, write every post until you do get one---Tell your friends where to direct to---Keep a note-book, and make memorandums—Get introductions to eminent men, if you can—Travelling on foot, or horseback, the most healthful; but, on COW-BACK the most independent ---Asclepiades made the grand tour on the back of a cow, and lived all the while on her milk---If a person is weakly, travel in a carriage; when in it, sit some time on one side, and then on the other, so that you may have the pleasure of being bruised in a fresh place---Finish your day's journey by day-light---Travelling by night interrupts sleep; and, in the author's experience, after a sleepless night, he got up distracted and languid, and the only part of the head which was of use to him, was the hole between his nose and chin."

This is all very trite, and very true; but his recommendations about "affability to inferiors," and "universal benevolence," if carried out to the extent specified, would make a man the greatest, and most despised, ass that ever travelled. No one can have greater occasion to keep every body in their proper places, than a traveller, be he of what rank he may; he must, if he mean to prosper, have a spice of devil in him, and that a pretty strong spice too.

"HOW TO EAT AND DRINK.---People are apt to imagine that they may indulge in a little more high living, when on a journey---Travelling itself is a stimulus, and less nourishment is required---Beware of violent irritation and fatal inflammations from this cause---Observe regular hours for taking your meals on a journey---Do not take an inn-keeper's description of his bill of fare, but SEE the larder---Be cautious of fish a thousand miles from the sea---On the continent you may dine at a table d'hôte, or at a restaurateur's---Eggs are a *safe* food---Above all, be on your guard against soup and wine---Carry a Brunswick sausage, and bottle of brandy---Good brandy may be bought at No. 59, Mark-lane---Give not your orders for wine to waiters, but have personal inter-

change of sentiment on the subject with the landlord or landlady, as it may be---Carry with you the Cook's Oracle, by the same author, price 7s. 6d.; you may translate the receipts---Different constitutions require different degrees of refreshment---Each man must judge for himself---If you are forty years of age, you are either a fool or a physician."

"OF A TRAVELLER'S APPEARANCE.---Wear a plain dress, display no trinkets, nor assume any airs of consequence---Be liberal---He who gives two shillings is called mean, while he who gives half-a-crown is called generous---These two opposite characters depend on a sixpence—If you study economy, you will find nothing but vexation; however, affect not the character of a magnificent fool---Never talk of your private affairs to strangers, nor brag of the cash you carry with you, to the same---Pay your bills promptly."

"OF TRAVELLING COMPANIONS AND SERVANTS.---Let your companion be of somewhat similar taste to your own, and endeavour to ascertain his humor before you start—A servant should be able to talk French, and be otherwise accomplished."

"HINTS FOR PROMOTING THE PLEASURES OF TRAVELLERS.---Imprimis, beware of dogs, hydrophobia is an unpleasant distemper---What says St. Paul, Philippians, chap. iii. verse 2: "Beware of dogs"---To this end, carry a cudgel of tough blackthorn, you may have inches marked thereon, and it will serve your turn for a measure---Sword-canes are some security; No. 221 in the Strand a good shop for the same---Carry a note-book, paper, pens, ink, needles and thread---A watch is useful---Let it have a compensation-balance, if you do not wish it to be a *baro*, instead of a *chronometer*---Mr. Hardy, No. 5, Wood-street, a good maker---(A full account of the construction of a watch---it passes through a hundred and fifty hands in its manufacture.)---Large fobs best---Carry a tinder-box and Welch wig---Dont ride outside a coach if you have the rheumatism---Shoes are better than boots---Carry as an aperient, some of Dr. Kitchiner's *Peristaltic Persuaders*---You may make forty for two pence half-penny---Carry peppermint lozenges, and a store of sixpences---But pay to others as you would wish to be paid yourself---If packages are to be sent into the country, write the direction plainly---Carpet bags, tea-kettles, and leather sheets, may be had at 47, New Bond Street."

"IF YOU ARE TO SLEEP ON THE ROAD.---Have your night shirt taken into your bed room---Look after the dryness of the sheets- -Carry a brace of blunderbusses, and put the muzzle of one out of each window, so as to be seen by robbers---Also pistol holsters on the coach box---Shoot in your own defence---Pocket door-bolts are a security, and you may also place a chest of drawers against the bed-room door---If you cannot get into a bed, do not undress yourself, but in all exigences loosen your garters."

"INNS—Some inns are very elegant, and equal to noblemen's houses; for example, the Albion in Aldersgate-street—Always use the best inn---Of no earthly avail to remonstrate about the bill, though you *may* cast the sums to see that no error be made, by accident.—Clean sheets are uncommon, and damp beds very much so—*See* the sheets aired yourself—Dunning, the lawyer, used to give the chambermaids on the circuit a guinea, they had an interest in his life---Punctuality to be observed---One man always ordered a roast fowl a full twelvemonth beforehand, and was there to eat it, as the gravy was being made---To assist in procuring a good bed, order a good supper."

"TRAVELLING ON HORSEBACK, OR IN CARRIAGES.---Horses who have no exercise for a long period, should not go a long journey the first day---Have your horse shod some days before you set out, the shoes are better in their place---Whenever your horse begins to halt, suspect a nail; examine, and if so, remove it---A few days before the journey, examine the carriage and harness---When travelling, desire your servant to see the horses fed; sad tricks in that matter are practised---Get change ready for turnpikes---Let your servant keep an account of his expenses, and settle every day with him---When your horse comes in hot, look to the method by which he is cooled---Give him "a go "down or two of water," but not more---In dusty weather wash his legs, but take care to rub them dry---Some horses like to lie down, see that there be room in his stall---Every horse has his best pace, keep him to that."

"STAGE COACHES---Secure a place a day or two beforehand, and if the coachman start before his time, take a post-chaise at his expense---"Stage coaches stay for no man," any more than time or tide---Beware of the variation of clocks, allow five minutes grace ---Look after your luggage---Ask of the guard the time allowed for meals, and be sure you use that time to good purpose---People have the choice of places, in the order they arrive---Front places not the best, because of the draft, but they have the privilege, ac-

cording to travelling etiquette, to draw up the glasses, and thus suffocate the whole party---If you find it disagreeable, smash the glass, as though by accident, and pay for it."

We beg to enter our solemn protest against this last clause, no law ---no etiquette---no contract of any kind, can justify such a power, a power of life or death---breath or no breath. And as to the mean expedient of relief advised, we scorn it; air must be had, you would spit blood in five minutes else. Before we would resort to breaking the window, we would cut the weasand of our tyrannical destroyer in the opposite corner through and through, even if he were the father of twenty children.

"Of Travel in Foreign Countries.---Beware of whom you select as a companion---An ill-tempered, inactive, incurious man a great burden in such a case---Adopt the manners, habits, and customs of the country one is in---Don't be everlastingly abusing the people or their practices to their faces, it breeds ill will---Observe this especially in religious and political matters---Singing Non Nobis after dinner is a very foolish custom---People in England pay £10,000 a-year for Non Nobis---Rather sing Dr. Kitchiner's Universal Prayer and The English Grace (the music of each by our author is inserted)---The common people of every country understand only their native tongue, therefore if you do not understand them, you will not understand each other---Dont suffer strangers to join you on the road, they are likely to prove for the most part highwaymen---All Italian music is detestable, and nothing like our genuine native song---Weber's "unconcatenated" chords ought not to be listened to, while we have such composers as Braham and Tom Cook---Look after the passport and its formalities---Take foreign coin with you, and arrange about drawing on letters of credit---Neither smuggle yourself, nor let your servants if you can help it---Take two razors and a strap, with some of Acton's strap powder, No. 17, Shoe Lane---The National Songs of Great Britain are very beautiful, collected and published with a view to serve his country by the author---Are published by Hurst and Co.---Have not sold so well as the Cook's Oracle---" People like what goes into the mouth better than what comes "out of it."

So endeth the first volume, the most generally interesting of the two, of the contents of which, we have endeavoured to give our readers an impartial estimate. The second volume is filled for the most part by perhaps accurate, but as it seems to us, wholly useless estimates of horse and carriage keeping: it treats, like the first, part of almost everything in turn; and in the same good-humored, old womanish style. The heads of the chapters point out the miscellaneous nature of the information contained; "Of lending your carriage;" "Of the New "Road, and Regent's Park;" "When, and how to call a coach." If our readers are anxious for further information, we must beg to refer them to the volumes themselves; they are very beautifully printed, in type as large as that of a posting bill, and their cost is £15. We may as well remark, that almost all the good things of his former productions, are here reiterated; as though the public had not already paid enough for them. Dr. Kitchiner and Liston have been great favorites with the public, and the former, like the latter, never scrupled to make them pay handsomely for their partiality.

FINE ARTS.

Interior of a Convent, with Monks at Devotion. Granet. Engraved in mezzotinto, by W. Giller. F. G. Moon, London.

The original from which this print is taken, attracted considerable notice at the exhibition of the King's pictures, and is too well known to need any description from us, further than is necessary to illustrate a few remarks we have to offer. It represents a long room, with white-washed walls, hung with large pictures in black frames, small square windows, very high from the ground, and boarded floor, round which the monks are ranged at matins. A strong sunshine thrown from a window at the farther end, illuminates the outline of the intervening objects; and with the long-drawn shadows, and still solemnity of the scene, produces a most imposing effect. There is a wide difference of opinion, as regards its merits. The unsophisticated turn to it with exclamations of wonder and delight; while the *cognoscenti* sneer at it as a clumsy trick. The painter has managed to throw out a singular and dazzling effect, by using a positive white to represent all the high lights, on whatever color they may be cast, instead of a lighter shade of the ground color. For our own parts, we cannot but think that it is much too far from nature to rank high as a work of art, and requires too little skill in execution to bear repetition, though the present picture displays no slight judgment on the part of the painter. His choice of the subject, propriety of detail, and artful distribution of objects, prove him to be a consummate master of effect. He went on a system, and worked up to a matured conception of his picture. He knew exactly how far it was possible to carry his violations, under the mask of simplicity. Suppose, for instance, instead of the flat walls, he had represented a Gothic abbey, with all its intricate style of decoration—it would have been as dabby and offensive as a moon scene from Drury Lane, dragged into day-light. But the very thing which, in the painting, is trickery, (the use of a positive color for light) in engraving becomes perfectly legitimatized, and what it loses in brilliancy it gains in sombre harmony. This print, too, possesses one great recommendation—as the light is all thrown *from* the picture, it is seen best where there is no strong light to clash—where any other would be lost.

The Death of Robin Hood. T. Fielding, pinxit. Engraved in mezzotinto, by Lupton. F. G. Moon, London.

There is an interest associated with the name of this hero of tradition, that mingles with our best feelings, and amounts almost to a national pride. A lawless freebooter, when plunder was the right and hope of conquest, and devastation marked the track of power, he claims our absolution, not, as other heroes, for the dazzling enormity of his crimes and brutal daring, but the generous gaiety of his character—too brave to be cruel, too proud to be a villain. A pious father, to whom he applied for medical relief, purposely opening an artery in the left arm, instead of a vein, left him with his blessing, and a pretty speedy passport to purgatory. Little John burst the door of his cell just in time to see his leader die, and asking his last behest, is answered:

"Give me my bent bow in my hand,
"And a broad arrow I'll let flee,
"And where the shaft shall be taken up,
"There my grave shall digged be."

—the moment and motto of the picture under discussion. This is rather a fantastical situation, yet not a bad one for the pencil. The last beam of day illuminating the broad sun-burnt features of the forrester stretched upon his pallet, struggling with death, which he could have dared or welcomed in any form but treachery, and anxious to leave yet another memorial of his prowess; his brave companion bursting with revenge, yet paralyzed by the sight before him; these are features so strongly marked, it seems there could be but one conception of the scene. Mr. Fielding, however, has been obliged to dilute

his imagination, lest he should shock the taste and nerves of his fair admirers—opera-going young ladies, whose notions of the tragic are imbibed from hearing Othello set to music, and who have scarcely an idea of painting beyond the embellishment of albums. The consequence of this is, that we behold a pretty Der Freischutz-looking youth, lounging in an affected, elegant posture, upon a sofa, amusing himself with a bow, and might seem to a fanciful eye to be exchanging shots with Cupid. The upper half of a man is watching the direction of the arrow, with an interest as though he had some heavy bets upon its flight. But we will not detain our readers—those who admired the picture, will have no fault to find with the engraving, it is a very respectable performance. But in criticizing a print, it must be evident that the picture cannot be disconnected from it.

Will o'the Wisp. Egerton. Engraved in mezzotinto, by Giller. F. G. Moon, London.

Mr. Egerton, who is well enough known as a respectable horse painter, has we fear been betrayed by an ignis fatuus, which he mistook for the light of genius, into the bogs of ideality. He has escaped, however, though not quite clear. The idea of the present picture is creditable—the arrangement rather puerile; the horse jaded and tramping, is excellent, and worthy the conception of Fuseli; but the imp that strides him is enough to damn even a Fuseli himself. It appears rather like an abortion of nature, than the creation of a daring mind; it is unhuman, instead of being supernatural. For the engraving of this, with the preceding picture, we have an idea that we are more indebted to the pride and purse of their possessor, than to any speculation of the nominal publishers, which makes us the less sparing in our remarks; but for this we have no authority beyond suspicion. The engraving gives no bad idea of the effect of the original, but it requires management to hang it in a proper light.

Portrait of Mrs. Lyttleton. Sir T. Lawrence. Engraved by C. Turner. Colnaghi, London.

A fine portrait of a fine woman, finely engraved---in just the Kemble style, which the president delights in, and imparts to all his subjects. It is by no means what we should be content to give as a test of his powers, even after having seen the portrait of Mrs. Peel, which, though inferior, in many respects, to his other works, displayed a feminine gentleness and delicacy, which told not merely the thought of the moment, but the character of the individual. The portrait of Mrs. Lyttleton might be produced by imagination,---that of Mrs. Peel could result only from a long study of mankind, and great susceptibility of feeling. There are few subjects of more general interest than portraits of eminent characters---certainly none so well remunerate the publisher. It is pleasing to trace, in the features of the man, the character which has long been familiar to us. But the mere charms of nature do not seem to give a title to the distinction of being published, and we certainly cannot reconcile to ourselves the idea of every pretty woman submitting to be stared at in the print shop windows. Little as we are troubled with aristocratical prejudices, we cannot but think it an outrage on the dignity of our nobility, and if it gratifies their vanity, it is at the sacrifice of decorum. We perceive there is a prospectus of a grand print of the Marchioness of Wellesley, from J. P. Davis's grand picture at Somerset House last year.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Just published, Q. HORATII FLACCI OPERA, containing an Ordo and Verbal Translation, interlinearly arranged; with Preliminary Dissertations illustrative of the Life, Writings, and Versification of Horace. By P. A. Nuttall, LL.D. Editor and Translator of Juvenal's Satires, Virgil's Bucolics, &c.

The following ANNUALS are preparing for the new year. "The Forget Me Not;" "The Keepsake;" "Friendship's Offering;" "The Bijou;" "The Literary Souvenir;" "The Amulet;" "The Winter's Wreath;" and "The Pledge of Friendship."

Mr. Washington Irving has just finished a LIFE OF COLUMBUS, to be published in the winter in 2 vols. 8vo.

On Tuesday, the 26th inst. will be published, in one vol. 12mo. bound in cloth, with Eight Illustrative Engravings, SNATCHES FROM OBLIVION, containing Sketches, Poems, and Tales. By Piers Shafton, Gent. Thomas Hurst, E. Chance, and Co. London.

This month will be published, in 2 vols. post 8vo. CHRONICLES of the CANONGATE. By the Author of Waverley, &c. Contents: Tale 1st, The Highland Widow; Tale 2nd, The Two Drovers; Tale 3rd, The Surgeon's Daughter. Cadell and Co. Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London.

It is confidently reported, that Sir Walter Scott has undertaken to edit the long talked of "GARRICK PAPERS AND LETTERS." They are to appear in 2 quarto volumes, accompanied by many Engravings. Their contents are calculated to throw considerable light on the characters and opinions of his very celebrated acquaintance and correspondents, but we fear they will be almost sealed books to the great mass of readers on account of their costliness.

In the course of next winter we are promised to have a "LIFE OF GENERAL WOLFE," which will include more than two hundred letters from that gallant Officer to his friends.

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES OF THE MONTH.

COMMON PLEAS *v.* COMMON SENSE.

"The time was when they had been told that the growth of education would of itself turn people's minds to religion; but the experience of the last twenty years, when education had had its full trial, refuted that expectation, for within that space of time the population had increased one third, while crime had augmented four fold. Education, if well directed, led to good practical results; but if the poor boy or girl was sent out to encounter poverty without a guide, the struggle *would more affect the educated than the uncultivated mind*, and more readily expose it to hasty and sanguine impressions. *He knew from facts, that the proportion of literate to illiterate culprits was as 60 to 40.* It was this knowledge that induced him to desire a careful attention to the religious instruction of the poorer classes: *they should be coercively compelled to hear divine service, if they could not at first be persuaded of its necessity; the old ecclesiastical censure, and the fine of one shilling for causeless absence from a place of parish worship, ought to be brought into active operation.*" *Lord C. J. Best's charge.*

It seems that Sir William Draper Best, Knight, and Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, is a Somersetshire man, and feeling a very laudable ambition to shine in his native county, gave a charge to the Grand Jury at Bridgewater, August 20th, which was intended to show and prove that his Lordship had none of the narrow and contracted views of general policy which are sometimes ascribed to lawyers of great eminence; but, on the contrary, that he could discourse upon any thing, and every thing, much to the purpose, and to his own credit. The above quotation is part of the said charge as reported; and when we consider that with many country esquires and men of lower degree, a Judge's opinion shuts up debate and precludes reply, it is worth attending to see what are to be the future opinions of the Somerset Grand Jury. The charge is introduced by a labored panegyric on boxing as a trait of national character; and our victories, both by sea and land, not traced to Nelson and Wellington, but to prize fighting, and the ability of giving and receiving cross buttocks. This may or may

not be the case. Two thieves standing up to batter each other, while their friends pick pockets and cut purses, may be a noble exhibition of national manners, worthy of national pride and judicial extenuation. We are not prepared to deny it: it is out of our line, and we leave the matter---ne sutor ultra crepidam. But we have sometimes thought about morals and education, and cannot help remarking on the notions contained in our quotation, and a pretty bundle of them there are.

First. The experiment has been fully made on the efficacy of promoting religion in men's minds by education, and it has failed.—Crime has increased in a greater ratio than population—True; but is the inference intended to be drawn, that education has *not* that *tendency*? Are we to take it as a Chief Justice's opinion, that the education of children is a matter of *indifference* as regards their moral welfare? The plain truth is, with all reverence be it spoken, that moral philosophy and hungry bellies are not good company; the former sometimes shows fight, but never prevails against the latter. So long as laboring men are as ill paid as they are in his Lordship's county—so long as farm laborers are allowed to take cold potatoes into the field as harvest food, as they do—so long will they knock down Sir Thomas Lethbridge's hares, and so long as he has the power will he send them to be schooled to vice in Ilchester gaol to increase the calendar. We will allow that they can even read chapters with the hardest names, and we still say a contrary result is not to be expected.

Secondly. An educated man is more likely to yield to temptation, than an illiterate wretch who does not know the top of a page from the bottom.—Alas! to what dangers are we who can read and write exposed! When lawyers *rat*, having a good place in view, it must be excused and palliated on the score of their education and learning. When Fellows of Colleges fall into disgrace, we are to consider how much their learning has exposed them to the risk of "hasty and sanguine impressions!" Multiply the cause, and you multiply the effect. Where ignorance is *innocence*, who would be wise? But learned culprits are convicted 60 to 40. This *may* be true; we are not wise enough to falsify his Lordship's assertion. But every practical man who gave his evidence before the Police Committee a year or two ago, must have grievously borne false witness. They may have all differed as to the cause, the course, and the remedy for vice; but they all uniformly agreed that the great mass of knaves and felons sprang from the untamed and untaught classes, those whose youth had been allowed to run wholly to waste and riot. But the assertion may be true, and prove nothing which it is put forward to prove. If the fact exist, that 60 to 40 is the proportion of literate (that is, they who have been taught to read and write) to illiterate convicts, and it be true that education has been so universal, is it not a wonder the proportion is not greater? When the present systems of education are brought into full exercise, and almost every man is made *literate*, the proportion then in all probability will be 1000 to 1. Education may, and perhaps will, be carried on until no man is hanged who cannot say his dying speech in latin, and calculate the value of his life by algebra. And what would that prove? Why, simply that latin and mathematics were grown very common accomplishments.

But the crowning jest of all is the recommendation that the people should be pulled, despite their wills, into church by the parish beadle, or fined one shilling for their contumacy. It really is something to hear from a Judge, that the only hope left us of moral improvement, is to teach the fear of God by the common informer! We mean it as no disrespect to our own parish clergyman, but we really must compound for 2*l.* 12*s.* per annum, and have done with it. Will the plea of hearing Mr. Irving, or being a Muggletonian, avail any thing? But can the report be correct; or is it the design of some bitter enemy of his Lordship to lessen our high estimate of his discretion and wisdom?

Tobacco Pipe Controversy.—A furious, and yet unappeased, controversy has lately raged in the newspapers, upon the question of the filthy nuisance of smoking tobacco---segars or pipe; and as in all other cases when men allow their passions to be heated by opposition, has run in great personalities between gentlemen who sign themselves Viator and Tabatiere. Whole columns of the newspapers have been occupied in discussing, in the first place, whether a man who smokes at all is a beast or not; and secondly, the argument has run into the comparative beastliness of smoking and snuffing. A future Hume, on looking over the journals, may thus sum up the merits of the case. About this period great hostilities arose between the advocates of segars and their opponents, which occupied the attention of thousands, who took a lively interest in the

successful issue of the controversy. By the advocates for the practice it was urged with some plausibility of statement, that as to the pleasure of a segar, none but those who used them ought to express an opinion upon the point---that to appeal to experience, tobacco was in more universal use among nations than bread corn---that it had been known to stay the plague, and was the friend and companion of rich and poor. These statements were met with undisguised contempt, and it was retaliated, that the practice of using tobacco either by smoke or snuff, was a nuisance to others, thus infringing the very primary principles of civil liberty---that it led to drunkenness and debauch---that snuff spoiled the complexion---stopped the nose to the perception of odors---and that as to the ladies, they would positively spurn any approach of familiar friendship from a snuff-taker. This raised the concealed anger of the snuff-takers, who had hitherto maintained a stubborn neutrality while the argument was kept to smoke. They replied both by wit and invective---they affirmed snuff to have a moral use---"Dust to dust"---would remind them of the brevity of life—that the King and Ministers patronized the habit, and gave away £10,000 worth of snuff boxes in every year---that as to the nose being blockaded, that was a happy circumstance to London residents, and enabled them to acquire the French accent more naturally---that as to the assumed yellowness of complexion complained of, it was only studious and Werter-like---and that as to the ladies refusing to be saluted by snuff-takers, that was a thing which modesty and prudence required them to sneeze at. The historian might add by way of reflection, that nothing could more clearly show the national freedom from anxious cares, when it was thought that the *public* took interest in the comparative merits of blackened teeth or a snuffy pocket-handkerchief.

The partizans in this controversy seem to have missed an authority of some weight in the matter. The Morning Post of September 18th has the following paragraph. "The Duke of Sussex---The pleasure derived by his Royal Highness from the *friendly* "*tube*, is generally known. In order to enjoy smoking in a most agreeable situation, "viz. on the banks of the Thames, his Royal Highness has a small house adjoining the "Dove Coffee House, between the Upper and Lower Malls, Hammersmith. This house "was once the residence of Thomson the Poet, who wrote part of his *Winter* in the "room which is occasionally occupied by the Illustrious Duke." "To what base uses "may we not come at last!" Smoking pipes and writing *Winters*, are certainly two things essentially different.

DUCHESSES STALL KEEPERS AT FAIRS, AND PARSONS THEIR SHOP-BOYS.---The Morning Post had an account expressed in highly figurative style, which characterizes that fashionable journal, of what it called "The Pic-Nic Fair, for the benefit of the National "Schools at Brighton." "The Duchess of Leinster, and about twenty ladies of title, "placed themselves behind the several counters to dispose of the several articles; Charity, "in truth, never assumed a garb more lovely and influential. The chief direction in the "exhibition of fancy merchandize, was with our popular VICAR, the Rev. H. M. Wagner." The liberal fulfilment of the prophecy of the lion dandling the kid, and the child fondling the cockatrice, would really be nothing worth remarking, after this---Duchesses making purses and needlebooks, and then selling them at five hundred per cent. profit; and a Rev. Vicar setting them on the stall in the most captivating light! The whole of these exhibitions are nothing more nor less than displays of meanness and impudence. People must be tricked out of their money by these arts, when the object is the support of a really good purpose; and hypocritical creatures can be found, who give a guinea for a watch-fob to the Duchess of Leinster, when they would not give half-a-guinea to the charity itself! It is no use giving such an advantage to the devil, as to excuse such mad and disgusting pranks, by saying the object is good. Cannot really good objects be supported without our nobility learning the arts of Rag Fair? and cannot Vicars excite to charity, but by displaying the accomplishments of Jew pawnbrokers?

METHOD OF SETTLING MARITIME DISPUTES.——The newspapers have been very hot and valiant about a certain infringement of our maritime rights alleged to have taken place under the batteries of Gibraltar. From all that has transpired, the plain fact seems to be this. Our possession of Gibraltar gives the merchants very great facility for smuggling British goods into Spain. The Spanish Government very naturally desire

the trade of the country to be carried on as settled by the commercial treaties with this country. They have, therefore, appointed a sort of preventive service to check this practice, and an English vessel which they suspected of this contraband traffic was certainly boarded by one of these guarda costas, under the very nose of our protecting garrison. It may have been a very flagrant act on the part of the Spanish preventive service; we shall perhaps hear a better account of the affair; but the newspapers, who are always brimful of valor, are indignant that no order was given to the batteries to fire, without question or answer! The only effect of which would have been, to have sent *both* parties to the bottom, and so have prevented any further trouble or discussion about the matter.——Oh, the annihilating courage of Editors!

FIGHTING NOT WHOLESOME FOR LIBELLERS.—— The public have been amused by a correspondence of a warlike nature in Dublin. A Mr. Edgeworth, who conceived he had been grossly libelled in the *Freeman's Journal*, waited upon the proprietor, Mr. Henry Grattan, M. P., by a friend, whose intentions were fully explained. Mr. Grattan referred him to a friend to arrange matters; this friend being consulted, after much delay, stated, that he had only authority to say, Mr. G. would *not* fight upon any account. We quite approve of the resolution, there are better tribunals to appeal to. But has not Mr. G. committed himself by making a *show* of fight, and *then* retracting? Why was a *considerable time* suffered to elapse before he declared that resolution? This destroys the whole grace and dignity of the action, and gives his adversary a decided advantage. The correspondence may be found in the papers of the 21st ult.

MR. WOOLFF AND THE NEW REFORMATION.—— During the past month an epistle well worthy of the attention of the curious, has been addressed by this pseudo missionary to the "Society for Promoting Reformation among the Roman Catholics of Great "Britain." It seems by the dating, that he has arrived at Gibraltar in his way to the Holy Land, the intended sphere of his labors. He is altogether disgusted by the pomp of patronage which has been bestowed upon the society; tells Lord Farnham that no good can come of it, *because* the great men in Israel have joined the society; says that they would have acted more wisely in choosing "a pious shoemaker as their "patron;" and concludes by warning them, that the Catholic prelate, Dr. Doyle, "is a "complete consummate fox!" No two men agree where insanity and moon-struck madness begin or end, so that we should be careful of being too charitable in excusing a man upon the ground of madness; but let any one read this letter, and ponder upon the matter in this particular instance. How can it be, that so many people in England who ought to know and judge better, should put trust in the efforts of such a man? Our readers may not perhaps believe it, but the sentiment has been received with *applause* in large meetings, when this wrong-headed Jew-Christian has been described as only inferior in zeal and holiness to St. Paul himself!

SEEING THE LION.—— The following anecdote has appeared in a Scotch paper, and whether true or false, is worth smiling at. An English gentleman and his lady lately arrived in the neighbourhood of Abbotsford, and being naturally anxious to behold its owner, sent a card to him, stating that they had travelled thither from a distant part of England, solely on purpose to see the great "Lion of the North," and earnestly requested the honor of an interview. Sir Walter immediately returned for answer, that as the Lion was seen to the most advantage at his *feeding hours*, he would be happy to see them that day at dinner. They went accordingly, and met with the greatest attention and hospitality. This was very kind and condescending of the Lion, but he would have done well to have kept the story from becoming public. He will soon have no provender left; brutes of all kinds in want of a meal, will soon try the extent of his good nature and forbearance.

SEEING AND BEING SEEN.—— The following bon mot has appeared in the newspapers, and we insert it for the benefit of all those who expend their whole lives in *seeing*. The late Sir John Barnard, a most worthy citizen, had a son who very little resembled him. This young gentleman one day told his father that he was tired of England, and earnestly desired to see the world. "Jack," replied the father, "I "should not have the least objection to your travelling; but while you are *seeing the* "*world*, I am afraid the *world will see you*."

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND GENERAL GOURGAUD.——All the world knows by this time that a very flat and satisfactory contradiction has been given in the Life of Bonaparte to the petulant and mischievous libels upon Government in respect to the treatment of Napoleon during his banishment at St. Helena. These explanations were the more conclusive, because they were made to rest on the authority of Gourgaud, who had followed him into exile. The General, upon reading the "Life," thought it important, though for what precise reason does not appear, to write a very angry and ill-considered letter to Sir Walter upon the subject, which appeared in the newspapers; whereupon the Baronet sets the whole question at rest in a letter to the Edinburgh Weekly Journal, simply and calmly stating the authority upon which the statements in question were founded. Sir Walter had asked and obtained leave of Lord Bathurst to consult the official documents at the Colonial Office relating to the transactions at St. Helena; in which it appeared, upon unquestionable evidence, that this same Gourgaud had, in his communications with the British Government, privately given unequivocal denials to the alleged poverty of the Ex-Emperor—his ill state of health—badness of supply, &c. These documents are annexed to Sir Walter's letter, and clearly prove that either all these official communications are lies and forgeries, invented for no other purpose than to blacken the character of General Gourgaud, or that the General must have been a very mean and double-faced friend of Napoleon's. The public will no doubt much more readily give credit to the latter supposition than the former. How much wiser would it have been for the gallant officer to have held his tongue, that both he and his treachery might perchance have been wholly forgotten.

SCEPTICS OUTLAWED.——A man having been robbed by a servant, brought up the thief for trial at the last Old Bailey Sessions, when some private information having been conveyed to the counsel for the prisoner, before the prosecutor was sworn, he put some questions as to his belief in the New Testament, and the Judge, Mr. Serjeant Arabin, having asked whether he believed in the Divinity of Our Saviour, and being answered doubtingly, refused to swear the prosecutor, or hear any other evidence, and the prisoner was set at large! Is this law, or is it not? Is every man who happens not to agree with the bench in his theology, and who is honest enough to avow it, to be exposed to plunder and robbery without redress, or hope of any? The person in question might, for any thing we know to the contrary, have been a very wicked and wilful polemic, but why go out of the course, and ask questions which are not commonly asked before taking of an oath? Adopt it as the general rule, and we know the practice, and perhaps can justify it; but to select one individual, and, acting upon accidental information, deny justice to the prosecutor, and permit a thief to escape, is to the very last degree absurd and disgraceful. If Mr. Serjeant Arabin's rule of credible testimony be adopted, how many even of our conspicuous public men would be unworthy of belief? A Deist, or a Unitarian, may be ripe for perjury, and indifferent about truth; but let us have one law for all; put the question invariably, and act upon it, and not select one instance by caprice, and show Christian zeal by a denial of justice, and offer a premium for felony. Every day's experience shows that men are more restrained by the fear of reproach and punishment, than by the supposed religious sanction of an oath. The same men who unblushingly swear officially to facts of which they are either ignorant, or make sacred affidavits and promises which they have no idea of observing, would not upon any account utter a falsehood under other circumstances. They regard an oath as sacred in one place, and not in another; where then is the religious sanction of an oath, and where the *imperative necessity* of working injustice by demanding it to the letter, as in the instance just referred to?

DEATH OF UGO FOSCOLO.---On the evening of Monday the 10th September, at half-past eight o'clock, in the 50th year of his age, departed this life Ugo Foscolo, a native of Italy, but during the last twelve years of his life resident in England. In the hope of benefitting his health, he had gone for some months past to the country, in the neighbourhood of London. He adopted this step unfortunately at too advanced a period of his malady, to obtain the relief which he expected from it. For more than a year and a half he had been subject to inflammatory attacks; induced by intense application to his literary pursuits, and aggravated by his incessant exertions to relieve himself from the embarrassed state of his circumstances. Extraordinary energy and vivacity of character, added to a sort of contempt of pain and danger, led him to disregard symptoms which in others would have met with immediate and serious attention. Thus, his complaints soon assumed a more formidable appearance; an organic affection of the liver, attended with dropsical symptoms, ensued, and having already made deep inroads into his constitution, baffled the best of skill and treatment of his physicians. Had he earlier obtained advice, it is their opinion that his health might have been re-established, and that he might have survived to a far more advanced period of life. As it was, the kindest attentions of love and friendship were lavished upon him in vain. He had long borne his severe sufferings with philosophic indifference, and as they approached nearer their close, his fortitude still rose with the occasion, and he met them with unshrinking firmness and quiet resignation to his lot. No change was perceptible in the commanding tone and character of his mind, so long as he retained the power of expressing it. The character of the man was also that of his genius---lofty, impassioned, and free. Gifted with an astonishingly retentive memory, his imagination teemed with poetic ideas and images, while his taste and judgment enabled him to direct them to the best purposes of literary utility---to the enlightening and emancipation of mankind.

His intellect was of the highest order, and in its range it embraced the utmost variety of subjects, in all of which it displayed an almost equal degree of excellence and versatility of talent.

He commenced his literary career in the dramatic art. His first drama, "The Thyestes," founded on the Greek, was written for the purpose of reviving a taste for the productions of Alfieri at Venice. Incensed to perceive writers like Count Pepoli and the Marquis Pindemonti attracting public applause, he had his play performed upon the same evening that witnessed one of each of his noble rivals. The "Thyestes" obtained the most complete success, and Foscolo's path to his future fame lay open before him. The tragedies of "Ricciardo" and "Ajax" followed, though at distant intervals, and conferred upon him an enduring reputation as one of Italy's best modern dramatic poets. In his political romance of the "Letters of Ortis," Foscolo shone as the true and enlightened patriot, uttering sentiments that reflect honor upon his country and upon mankind. As a scholar and a critic, he stood quite unrivalled; his sound learning and abundant powers of illustration stamping his criticisms with splendid marks of superiority that cannot be mistaken for a moment. In fertility of genius and power, we scruple not to assert, that not the best articles in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Journals, in which so many of his own appeared, can be mentioned in competition with them. He was an admirable Greek scholar, and could both imitate and repeat the "Odes" of Pindar with surprising facility and correctness. In Latin, he wrote with great purity and elegance of diction; as many portions of a curious work, entitled, "Didymi Clerici Prophetæ Minimi Hyperca-"lypseos,"---afford ample and satisfactory testimony. This, together with his celebrated "Oration," pronounced for the Congress of Lyons, give indisputable evidence of his talents as an orator, a statesman, and an able and profound reasoner. Foscolo stood high in the estimation of his most celebrated contemporaries all over Europe. To most of them he was intimately known; and he long moved in the highest circles, both on the continent and in this country. In the words of a distinguished countrywoman, who knew his character, he was "a warm friend---sincere as the mirror itself, that neither "deceives nor conceals. Kind, generous, and grateful, his virtues appear those of savage "nature, when seen amidst the sophisticated reasoners of our days. He would tear his "heart from his bosom, if he thought that a single pulsation was not the unconstrained "and free movement of his soul."

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